

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1728

JUNE 17, 1905

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE Oxford undergraduate does not conform to Emerson's idea of a scholar. Instead of passing his time "in silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction," he starts magazines, and expresses his opinion on all subjects under the sun. Sometimes his magazines do not last very long, as in the case of the *Bull-dog*, of which only one number was published. Sometimes they are quite durable and serious, like the well-known *Oxford Magazine*, established in 1865, and still flourishing, though not in the original formation. Here are reviews, sonnets, sermons—everything except the wit and reckless audacity of youth.

These last qualities, however, have adorned a good many of the Oxford periodicals. Among them one notes the *Isis*, which started with the laudable intention of not treating the Proctor as an enemy of the human race "but rather as one who from the exigencies of his position is constrained to make himself objectionable for a short space, but whose heart yearns for the day when he shall doff the garb of tyranny and be a man again"; the *Oxford Spectator*, written by Mr. T. H. Ward, E. Nolan, and the present Bishop of Calcutta; and the *Shotover Papers*, which strike a livelier note, and are not above including even Limericks.

Now there come to us two fresh magazines, the *Protean* and the *Mosaic*. They are of modest dimensions, and contain no remarks to alarm the Proctor or any other authority. Rather the tone is decorous and literary, as of one aiming at the ideal. The *Protean*, as its name indicates, welcomes to its pages the most varied topics. Here is a travel article, there an amusing account in verse of the way in which the "Meno" came to be written; there an attempt—not wholly successful—to do a thing more difficult than an ingenuous youth imagines—to put "La vie est brève" into English verse. The *Mosaic* bears on its first page a Greek word which signifies "the noise made by bubbles rising," but its contents, except perhaps for a short poem, are not of the bubble order. "Whistler as a Colourist" is a piece of elaborate and thoughtful art-criticism, and the other articles are remarkable for correct taste and high intellectual sympathies. These things are good; but are they the qualities most valuable in youth, the qualities that promise most bravely for originality and strength in maturer years? "Ragging," as we learn from the *Protean*, is dying out after bump-suppers and the like. Is literary ragging dying out too? Much as we admire the *Mosaic*, we cannot help an elderly sigh of regret for what we miss in its decorous pages.

The translation of "La vie est brève" is a favourite exercise of poets. The rendering of our Oxford poet in the *Protean* runs thus:

"La vie est brève,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis, bon jour!

"A few short years
Of love and sorrow,
Fancies and fears,
And so—good-morrow!

"La vie est vaine;
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis bon soir!"

"Vain empty life!
A little spell
Of hope and strife,
And then—farewell."

This hardly seems to us to catch the spirit of the original, and the French lines are not, we believe, correctly arranged. Should we not read:

"La vie est vaine—
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis bonjour.

"La vie est brève—
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bon soir."

About five hundred versions of this were published in the "Journal of Education" in 1900. One of the best of them was that by Mr. Francis Storrs:

"Our life's a stage;
A while we play
At love and rage,
And then—good day!

"Our life's a gleam,
A swallow flight;
We mope, we dream,
And then—good-night."

This, by Miss Mary Grace Walker, has also much merit:

"This life is vain:
Love's fleeting sway,
Hate's passing pain,
And then—good day!

"This life is brief:
Hope's short delight,
A dream's relief,
And then—good-night."

We doubt, however, whether there is any rendering which is quite satisfactory at once by its grace and its close fidelity to the French.

In the *Architectural Review* for the current month is a well-informed and beautifully illustrated article by Mr. Champneys on "Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture," if such primitive and rude structures as those displayed can be classed as architecture. All the same, they transport us back to the dim past and call up the eremites of the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, men not only of great saintliness, but of artistic feeling and learning remarkable for the times. Witness the Book of Kells, the glory of Trinity College, Dublin, and justly described "for taste and delicacy, originality and elaboration of colouring as among the wonders of the world." This volume was long preserved at the Monastery of Kells (founded by St. Columba), and was probably written there in the seventh century.

The early learning and zeal of the Irish monks is one of the surprises of history. Alcuin of York, "Minister of Education" to Charlemagne, wrote a letter to Colcu, chief professor of the school or University of Clonmacnoise, sending presents from himself and his master (Charlemagne) and requesting his prayers. Charlemagne, with the assistance of Alcuin, reformed and simplified the handwriting of the period based on Irish models; and Ireland became in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries a centre of learning, and foreigners found their way to the Isle of Saints to learn Greek. In these rude cells, therefore, which are described by Mr. Champneys, dwelt men of real religion and learning. The history of the early Irish saints, their cells,

their learning and their influence on Britain and Eastern Europe has yet to be written in monograph form. We have only to read Adamnan's "Life of Columba" which is now accessible to all, to realise the life and work of these ancient men of God. When we remember how much we are indebted to those forgotten men who lived for holiness and learning in their rough beehive-shaped structures with narrow entrances, our hearts warm to these seekers after light, who sought strangely according to modern ideas.

The old *National Magazine* from which last week we recovered a neglected "Imaginary Conversation" by Walter Savage Landor, has other matters of bibliographical interest hidden in its well-filled pages. Most lovers of the Lambs are aware that in the Cowden Clarkes' "Recollections of Writers," published in 1878, there are two pleasant chapters devoted to Charles and Mary Lamb, but none of the editors of Lamb's works seem aware of the fact that one of these chapters had made its original appearance twenty years earlier. It will be found, as "Recollections of Mary Lamb by One who knew Her," in the third volume of the magazine named (p. 360). In the second volume (p. 375) there will be found an early tale in prose by Christina G. Rossetti. It is entitled "Nick: a Child's Story," and tells how a curmudgeonly man who wished ill to his neighbours was suddenly endowed with the power of becoming what he wished for an hour at a time; after being a flock of sparrows, a bull-dog, a stick, fire, and an old miser, he is heartily glad to be restored to his old self and to forego wishing evil to other folk. Less notable writers—Dora Greenwell, Sydney Dobell, Wilkie Collins—will also be found represented in this interesting old periodical.

On Wednesday next (June 21) it will be just two hundred years since there was baptized at Cuddenden near Halifax, Yorkshire, an infant who was destined to be widely famous in the century to which he belonged. This was David Hartley, the actual date of whose birth is not known, and whose bi-centenary is little likely to cause much excitement, though a century ago he occupied a more important place in men's regard; indeed, it is little more than a century since Coleridge testified to his admiration for the natural philosopher by naming his eldest son after him. Educated as a physician—he practised latterly in the fashionable centres of London and Bath—it was as a natural philosopher (to use the old term) that he became most widely known, and his most notable book was entitled "Observations on Man, His Frame, His Duty and His Expectations." Boswell tells us with reference to Hartley that:

"Johnson one day observing a friend of his packing up two volumes of 'Observations on Man,' written by this great and good man, to take into the country, said, 'Sir, you do right to take Dr. Hartley with you; Priestley said of him that he had learned more from Hartley than from any book he had ever read except the Bible.'"

Sir Leslie Stephen, one of the leading authorities on eighteenth-century thought and literature, said that "Hartley's influence upon later English ethical writers of the empirical school was very great, and he anticipated most of their arguments in regard to association, a principle to which he gave a width of application previously unknown." Coleridge, in his "Religious Musings," calls him:

"Hartley, of mortal kind
Wisest, he first who marked the ideal tribes
Down the fine fibres from the sentient brain
Roll subtly singing."

Hartley died at the age of fifty-two, having gained a recognised position among the physicians and philosophers of his time, and being much liked for his pleasant genial manner. "Whoever carefully peruses his chief work," said Sir James Mackintosh, "must be unfortunate if he does not see, feel and own that the writer was a great philosopher and a good man."

The summer number of *Country Life* contains a hitherto unpublished poem by Robert Browning, the first fourteen lines of which, with the title, "A Forest Thought," and the poet's signature, with the date "Nov 4, 1837," are reproduced in facsimile. It is often said that Browning worked very hard upon his manuscripts, altering and correcting, polishing perhaps sometimes, but more often, unfortunately, plunging deeper into obscurity in the effort to get the whole of his thought into his lines. There is no trace of such effort and elaboration here. Browning, it appears from the note prefixed to the poem, had been with some friends to the christening of their son. On his return from the church to the house, he went into a room by himself, and after a very short absence returned with the poem, fifty-two lines in all, complete. The facsimile shows not a single correction. The fourteen lines are as unblotted as Shakespeare's.

And there is no occasion to wish it otherwise. The poet was seized with a simple thought, and simple and beautiful expression seems to have come to him without pause or difficulty. He is here the poet of "Oh! to be in England!" not of "Sordello" or the "Parleyings." He likens human birth and growth to that of the fir-trees "in far Esthonian solitudes." The parent-trees grow up and lose their youthful beauty:

"But just when beauty passes away
And you half regret it could not stay,
For all their sap and vigorous life—
Under the shade, secured from strife,
A seedling springs—the forest-tree
In miniature, and again we see
The delicate leaves that will fade one day,
The fan-like shoots that will drop away,
The taper-stem a breath could strain—
Which shall one day foil the hurricane:
We turn from this infant of the copse
To the parent-firs,—in their waving tops
To find some trace of the light-green tuft
A breath could stir,—in the bole aloft
Column-like set against the sky,
The spire that flourished airily
And the marten bent as she rustled by."

Jane Welsh Carlyle would have no need to ask in this case, as she did in that of "Sordello," whether the subject of the poem was a man, a city, or a book. Browning's reputation would gain if some one would find more unprinted poems like this, and lose a good many of the printed ones.

We refuse to take Lord Rosebery seriously. Called upon at Edinburgh to make an after-dinner speech to the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland he chose as his theme the relations of literature and commerce. The high-water mark of literature as a commercial undertaking was reached, he contended, in the first half of the nineteenth century. Poems were produced in quarto, and authors were paid in proportion to the size of the book. Without seeing "Lalla Rookh" Messrs. Longmans paid Moore a sum equivalent to-day to at least eight thousand pounds for the poem. That, said Lord Rosebery, was a time when publishers were too generous—when Southey was penning epics which he imagined would go down to posterity with Homer and Vergil. He wondered how many of the booksellers present had read "Lalla Rookh" or Southey's epics. Probably few. Poetry as a commercial article may have had its day; but Lord Rosebery cited isolated instances in support of his contention. And we question whether, taken as a whole, the prices realised by literary men in the early part of the nineteenth century would compare favourably with those obtained by our most popular novelists to-day.

The choice of the Academicians has fallen upon M. Étienne Lamy, a veteran author born in 1845. His best known works are "Études sur le second Empire," "La France du

Levant," "L'armée et la démocratie," and "La femme de demain." His doctrines on the last-named subject may be illustrated by a quotation:

"If women do not sign many books, they prepare them by the thoughts which they communicate to their sons. The education of children—that is the great task, that is the permanent *chef-d'œuvre* of woman. When inquiring into a man's crimes we are accustomed to say: *Cherchez la femme*. When praising a man's virtues we should say: *Cherchez la mère*. The most pure, the most disinterested, the most profound tenderness cannot be barren of results. Into the thought and the heart of a child, a mother only allows that which is best of her to penetrate. For their children, the most egoistical forget themselves, the most frivolous become grave, the least virtuous are sanctified."

M. Maurice Barrès, who had fourteen votes at the election, is a much younger man. Born in 1862, he began to write while still a student at Nancy. In 1882 he contributed to *La Jeune France* an article entitled "Le théâtre d'Auguste Vacquerie," and was complimented in the Answers to Correspondents. "You have much wit, and you are very charming," he read; and the compliment was the more valuable because *La Jeune France* was in the habit of insulting its correspondents in this way: "Impossible. Not worth a row of pins." Or again: "To X. at Paris: The man who edits the Bulletin bibliographique certainly does not pretend to have your genius. He is satisfied not to be a fool. You would be wise to follow his example, though to do that is beyond some people's power."

It is thought likely that M. Barrès may win his seat at the next election, necessitated by the death of the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier; but if, as reported to be likely, M. Ribot—the orator, not the psychologist—stands against him, the competition will be formidable. The vacancy is not, however, to be filled until the autumn, and between now and then many things may happen.

Two disputes are at present raging around literary monuments. The Stendhal Committee, having money to spend, cannot agree whether to spend it on a bust or on bringing out a new edition of the Correspondence, which is out of print.

The other dispute, more acute in character, concerns a proposal for a monument to Lamartine. A paper called *Les Annales romantiques*, has started a subscription for the erection of a memorial to the poet and his mistress, "Elvire," on the shores of the Lac de Bourget, where they lived and loved and boated some eighty or ninety years ago. We told their story in these columns, not very long since. Elvire, it will be remembered, was a married woman who repented of her affection before she died, while her lover, after mourning his loss, married another lady. In the circumstances, is it a correct taste which proposes to affix the medallion of the one lover to the statue of the other? There are, at all events, French critics who hold that the precedent is a bad one. "You might as well," protests one of them, "build a monument to unite in posthumous reconciliation such lovers as George Sand and Alfred de Musset."

Another literary topic of which the French papers are full is what is called "the incident Paul Chenay." Long years ago, at the time when Victor Hugo was in exile in Guernsey, M. Chenay, by profession an artist and engraver, met Madame Hugo at the house of Deplhine Gay, and married her younger sister. Invited to Hauteville House, he remained there for four years, and some time after his return wrote a book on the poet's domestic affairs, which led to a breach with the members of the poet's family. Hugo's domestic affairs were such that it was impossible to write of them truthfully without giving offence; but, of

course, his brother-in-law, having enjoyed his hospitality, should have held his peace. The "incident" arises because M. Chenay in his old age—he is eighty-seven—finds himself reduced to absolute poverty, living with his daughter in a single room, without the means to pay the rent for it, while the rest of the Hugo family is prosperous. Hence an interview with M. Paul Meurice, Victor Hugo's executor, and inquiries as to what the family propose to do.

"In such difficult situations," says M. Meurice, "in which our interests or our rancours conflict with our desire to pity and forgive, I always ask myself what Victor Hugo would have done in my place. In this case he would have pitied, he would have forgiven. We know it from his own writings: 'Donne-lui tout de même à boire, dit mon père.' I am, therefore, exerting all my eloquence to procure him [M. Chenay] a small monthly allowance, and I am also seeing what I can do for his daughter. Claretie has promised me that she shall have the first vacant place as 'ouvreuse.' Which sounds perhaps more generous than it is, for there is really something tragic in the thought that when we go to see Hugo's plays at the Français our hats and coats should be taken by his niece."

Mr. Werner Laurie will publish during June a work by Mr. James Huneker, the well-known critic. It is to be called "Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists," and is the result of a study of the theatre in many capitals. The volume comprises critical studies of Henrik Ibsen, August Strindberg, Henry Becque, Gerhart Hauptmann, Paul Hervieu, The Quintessence of Shaw, Maxim Gorky's *Nachtasyl*, Hermann Sudermann, Princess Mathilde's Play, Duse and D'Annunzio, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and Maurice Maeterlinck.

LITERATURE

THE INCONVENIENCE OF FAME

Essays of Travel. By R. L. STEVENSON. *Recollections of R. L. Stevenson in the Pacific.* By ARTHUR JOHNSTONE. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. each.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is suffering the ill-fortune which is inseparable from a too sudden fame. In the first place, the casual articles which he wrote in his youth, and which he did not deem it worth while to collect between two covers, are reprinted as though they were masterpieces. In the second, curious enthusiasts gather his trivial sayings, and note the most commonplace habits of his life. No good end is served by either of these enterprises, and while we deplore the injury done to the victim, we cannot too strongly condemn the indiscretion of anxious editors and impertinent biographers.

Stevenson's "Essays of Travel" have already found a place in the complete edition of his works. There they might very well have remained for the pleasure of those who wish to lose no single line of his writing. But they add nothing to his reputation. They are merely worse specimens of what he has done far better elsewhere. Of course, they are written with a careful elaboration, or they would not be his. Of course, also, they contain ingenious fancies and sincere impressions. But we read them all without enthusiasm, and some of them even without interest. The one point worthy of notice in the book is that Stevenson set out in his youth upon the self-same path which he followed to the end. As early as 1871 he was conscious of his style, and though he had not so much to say as in later years, he was already sternly scrupulous in the use of words.

But, while small service is done to his memory by the republication of these essays, a far greater wrong is inflicted by the inconsiderate recollections of Paul Frys.

There is no single word, for instance, that can be said in favour of Mr. Arthur Johnstone's prolix and pretentious work. Mr. Johnstone is as deficient in taste as in knowledge of letters. It is evident that he holds strong views concerning the politics of the Islands, and as he differs completely in his opinion from Stevenson, he might have written an interesting article upon the crisis in Samoa, and the misgovernment of the Sandwich Islands. But so modest a plan would never satisfy him. He must collect whatever unimportant facts he can concerning the great man, and he must give us his opinion, which is not worth a great deal, of the great man's works. His industry, had it been used in a better cause, would be entitled to the highest praise. He seems to have cross-examined everybody who encountered Stevenson in Polynesia. He inflicts upon us with minute detail the observations which the Captain of the *Casco* has thought fit to make upon the novelist. He has reproduced in facsimile a trivial letter which Stevenson addressed to the editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser*. He has printed at length a speech which Stevenson delivered to the Scottish Thistle Club, and which contains nothing that need be remembered. But the most remarkable trait in the character of Mr. Johnstone and his friends is that they one and all regarded Robert Louis Stevenson as a kind of freak; they looked at him with the same foolish curiosity wherewith children gaze at wild beasts in a show. If the novelist did any of the common things which life imposes upon mankind, they affected a wild surprise. We have no doubt that if he doffed his hat in their presence they went into an ecstasy of wonder, and from the tone of Mr. Johnstone's book we may conclude that their astonishment could not have been greater had their hero entered the room on his head. When Mr. Johnstone piously describes Stevenson's appearance before the Scottish Thistle Club he informs us that the novelist "threw off several heavy wraps before entering the hall." Would he have had him keep them about him, and catch cold on his homeward journey? And as if this were not sufficiently amazing, he proceeds to tell us that Stevenson "walked directly to the platform." How should he walk? Should he have proceeded sideways like a crab, or should he have fluttered round and round like a frightened bird in a strenuous effort to find the spot? But they are all inspired with the same folly—these amiable Polynesians. The innkeeper at Honolulu, whose reminiscences Mr. Johnstone has been lucky enough to print, is evidently a plain and honest soul. "During his sojourn," says he, "Stevenson lived simply and without demonstration." We should like to know what demonstration the innkeeper expected Stevenson to make? Maybe, he hoped that a brass band would always be playing beneath his window; maybe he hoped for the good of the house that Stevenson would spend his leisure in addressing the populace from a first-floor window; but he was disappointed, for he has put it on record that Stevenson lived "without demonstration." And this is not the worst. "He generally went to bed early," continues the observant innkeeper, "but not always; yet he was always early awake, although it was his habit to breakfast in bed, arising for the day at nine or sometimes ten o'clock." Fancy that! Then we have it on the same unimpeachable authority that at dinner Stevenson drank a light red wine, called California Burgundy, and that he enjoyed daily a cup of black coffee with burnt brandy. Who is there interested in English literature who will not be thrilled by these incontrovertible statements? If the innkeeper did not know what Stevenson drank, who on earth should? At the same time, though we cannot sufficiently praise the care with which the excellent innkeeper noted the tastes and habits of his client, there is a certain inconvenience in the innkeeper's volubility. Were his habit to become universal, a new terror would be added to life. All travellers are not content with California Burgundy and burnt brandy. Some might attempt to rival the prowess of King Kalakaua, who, as is duly recorded in this eminent work, drank five bottles of

champagne and the best part of two bottles of brandy at a sitting, when he visited Stevenson's yacht.

Mr. Johnstone is so profoundly interested in the small details of life, that we should not suspect him of literary criticism. But evidently he is a many-sided man, to whom nothing comes amiss. So, not content with recording the favourite drinks of Stevenson and King Kalakaua, he tells us with a dogmatic severity what we ought to think of Stevenson's works. His own method of writing does not suggest an accurate knowledge of the English language. But his courage is evidently greater than his understanding. His masterpiece is certainly an appreciation of the famous letter to Dr. Hyde, and so fine is it that we must quote it word by word:

"Stevenson's effort," writes the Hawaiian critic, "will be found to include all the scorn and invective of Archilochus, the permeating ethic element of Simonides of Amorgus; the rhetorical finish of Juvenal together with several of the minor excellences drawn from the Greek and Roman authors."

Obviously they are fine scholars in Honolulu. There they can discuss the scorn and invective of Archilochus, a satirist whose works have hitherto escaped the notice of European scholars; they can note the permeating ethic element of a poet who unfortunately is no more than a name to the old world. Nor is the scholarship of Honolulu confined to the classics.

"If modern writers are considered," says the intrepid Mr. Johnstone, "it will be seen that, while he wrote the letter with the haste and disingenuousness of Erasmus, it contains as well the pungency of Byron's invective, together with the sharp, incisive thrusting of Carlyle."

This is the last word of Hawaiian criticism. Mr. Johnstone may write for fifty years; but never again will he happen upon such a pearl of speech as the "haste and disingenuousness of Erasmus." After this gem of lucidity we can only regard English scholarship as a "back number," and we look forward to the time when Mr. Johnstone, having learnt how not to split his infinitives, will send us across the seas a new life of Erasmus, or a complete edition, with emendations, of the works of Simonides of Amorgus.

From what we have said it will be clear to the most superficial reader that Mr. Johnstone is well equipped for the discussion of Stevenson's style. With exquisite moderation, he confesses that Stevenson did not "introduce the art of good writing." But, if he did not introduce it, he "pruned the art," and invented a set of rules which can be "practically followed in all classes of composition." Though Mr. Johnstone does not think much of Stevenson's predecessors, he confesses with admirable generosity that Dickens and Thackeray "partially" knew how to write English. This is a splendid concession: "partially" is excellent; and we only regret that we cannot pay Mr. Johnstone the same compliment which he in his magnanimity has paid to the poor benighted writers of the nineteenth century. We regret it the more because Mr. Johnstone has studied Stevenson's system, which, we are assured "will produce the best literary results in exact proportion to the mental endowments of the writer." Dare we conclude that the mental endowments of Mr. Johnstone, this valiant student of Archilochus and Simonides of Amorgus, are not what they might be? There is evidently a hitch somewhere, and we leave it to our readers to discover precisely where it is.

PROFESSOR RALEIGH ON HAKLUYT

The Principal Navigations Voyages Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation. By RICHARD HAKLUYT. Vol. XII. (Glasgow, MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS twelfth and last volume has just been issued, after a delay, occasioned, as the publishers' note informs us, by the great labour involved in the preparation of the index. The value of the index is, however, more than a compensation for the delay. Together with the index, Professor

Raleigh's admirable essay constitutes the last volume of a very notable enterprise.

In Professor Raleigh's phrase, the Hakluyt collection makes the preface to the British Empire, which is the inheritance of to-day. If we would rightly comprehend the meaning of empire, we must begin by studying the preface, the title-deeds of our inheritance. And here, at first sight, is matter for astonishment, in that we have been content to wait from Hakluyt's time until now—say for "a single later reprint, numbering three hundred and twenty-five copies"—for a work of such essential and intimate moment in the history of the nation. But, this apparent indifference is a national characteristic. The Englishman is ever more interested in what is next to do than in what has been done. And his attitude is still both sane and natural; for, as Professor Raleigh pertinently writes:

"Fame is a luxury, if not a vanity. By secret and unconscious methods of initiation, by that unwritten tradition which descends from father to son, by the law of nature which gives currency to inherent value no matter whose the superscription, the ideas and aims of the great Elizabethan seamen have become the creed of the British Empire."

Here is a truth which men of letters, whose vocation holds them much apart, are slow to recognise. Because they themselves own the gift which is the portion of the few, the power of passing at will into another life and dwelling in books, they forget that the many which have it not must swim as best they may in the troubled current of affairs. But, even so, the lovers and the makers of literature have their reward. They show the way, after all. For, what was it that inspired the old voyagers to adventure? What was the irresistible lure, the charm that first drew them to attempt unknown and perilous seas, to affront unimaginable hardships and labours, and to achieve the impossible?

"The poets," says Professor Raleigh, "are the true fathers of later science. So early as the sixth century the monk Cosmas, in his 'Universal Christian Topography,' states the object of many a later quest. 'If Paradise,' he says, 'were really on the surface of this world, is there not many a man among those who are so keen to learn and search out everything, that would not let himself be deterred from reaching it? When we see that there are men who will not be deterred from penetrating to the ends of the earth in search of silk, and all for the sake of filthy lucre, how can we believe that they would be deterred from going to get a sight of Paradise?' All through the Middle Ages the dream held sway . . ."

It came true at last, though in another sense than the dreamers' anticipation. The Eternal City was never attained; and now that the whole earth is parcelled out among the nations, they are still seeking the City by another way. The old voyagers thought to find it ready built, in a fair land ripe for habitation. We have learned at last that ourselves must subdue the land, and that our own hands must build the City.

The quest for an earthly paradise, however, made but a part of the enterprise. For, interfused with the spiritual motive, were the desire of the unknown, the ambition of great achievement, and the lust of gold. And at the price of many lives and of much suffering, by means of infinite daring and resource and fortitude, were these ends attained. The tangible result is what we call, somewhat vaguely, the British Empire. But the intangible result is a greater thing than vast demesnes and the lordship of the sea. It lies deep in the foundations of the British character.

"In this partial and naked record," says Professor Raleigh, "preserved for us by Hakluyt, are inscribed the deeds which for half a century excited wild emotions, kindled emulation in the young, provided strange food for the intellect, and gave strength and purpose to the activities of a nation."

The avatar of that spirit brought us, not only to great possessions and wide power but to things greater, perhaps, than these. It was the spirit of the age that gave us the Elizabethan literature. Empires may fall, and power may dwindle away; but the written word endures. And in the possession of that literature there lies, perhaps, the reason why the Voyages themselves have been so long

neglected by men of letters as well as by men of action. Enjoying the harvest, they thought not of the stern travail of the ploughing; nor were they, it seems, even sensible of the cause that produced the effect. It is not, indeed, too much to say that we owe to Professor Raleigh the perception of the relation of the Voyages to literature; although, it is true, it was pointed out, years ago, by W. E. Henley.

For, as the words of the maker, the poet, first moved the men of action, so the achievements of the adventurer inspired in their turn the builders of a great literature. Here is what we are apt to ignore. We are prone to regard the provinces of life as straitly divided one from another. But life is woven of too close a texture and of a pattern too intricate to accord with such a convention; and to parcel it into squares is to lose the design of the whole. Indeed, no part of Professor Raleigh's essay is more subtly instructive than those passages in which he traces the relation of the deeds of the voyagers to the literature of their time.

"The new ferment wrought in a deep and hidden fashion in the temper and habits of the mind. All preconceived notions and beliefs concerning cosmography, history, politics and society were made ridiculous by the new discoveries. . . . That marvellous summer-time of the imagination, the Elizabethan age, with all its wealth of flowers and fruit, was the gift to England of the sun that bronzed the faces of the voyagers and of the winds that carried them to the four quarters of the world."

And here, Professor Raleigh deals with two questions which naturally arise, and which ever beset the student, treating them with a delicacy of discrimination and a range of knowledge which are all his own. The one question has to do with the choice of material; the other with the old discord between classic and romantic. To the student of his art, seeking the perfect way, it is natural to inquire of the great masters the secret of their practice. It is incommunicable—but the inquiry is not without profit. And where shall greater profit be gathered than from the makers of the golden age?

With regard to the choice of material, Professor Raleigh observes that:

"Charles Lamb, who loved all that is familiar and ancient and homely, somewhere expresses regret that the plays of Shakespeare and some of his brother dramatists hardly ever choose as their theme the simple daily life of the England of their time."

But, "had the dramatists been of his mind, we should have had no great English drama, and no Shakespeare." For,

"action and imagination went hand in hand. If the voyagers explored new countries and trafficked with strange peoples, the poets and dramatists went abroad too, and rifled foreign nations, returning with far-fetched and dear-bought wares; or explored lonely and untried recesses of the microcosm of man. One spirit of discovery and exultant power animated both seamen and poets. Shakespeare and Marlowe were, no less than Drake and Cavendish, circumnavigators of the world."

It is, in fact, the spirit that is the essential; the spirit that informs the treatment of the material, rather than the material itself. And still we are to remark that the poet does use the life that is nearest to him. Professor Raleigh continues:

"Shakespeare, it is often said, tells us more of Italy than of England; yet in Shakespeare's plays only the labels are Italian, while every type of English character, from a king to a tinker, is drawn to the life. . . . It is true that the names of the great men of his time seldom occur in his plays. . . . A poet commonly prefers to work with human material closer at hand, easier to come at, not hedged around by popular favour or on its guard against intimate research. He will select at his own liking from the life around him, build up his own greatness, and borrow a name from ancient history or fable. But whatever is most characteristic and vital in the life and thought of an age will find utterance in its poetry, none the less."

It is justly said; and not less just are Professor Raleigh's observations upon the perennial controversy between classic and romantic. Here again, the right appreciation is to be attained rather by the estimation of the spirit that inspires the treatment of material, than from the treatment itself. For the point at issue inevitably

narrows to a question of treatment. The material is the same in all ages; it is the stuff which Mr. Meredith calls "internal history."

"It is true," says Professor Raleigh, "that France, by position, history and training, was from the first more under the influence of classic literature and ancient theory than ever England had been. But in England, too, when the drama began its course, the partisans of the classical doctrine were first in the field, and made the bravest start. Then the new interest arose, and overwhelmed them. The echoes of ancient wisdom and shadows of ancient beauty which held the attention of France were drowned and scattered in England by loud voices and fierce lights. Extravagant deeds filled the popular imagination, and could not, by any legerdemain of pedantry, be brought within the prescribed critical compass. If the dramatists refused allegiance to the rules, they were merely following the lead of the adventurers."

Such a passage, which is quoted in full because it is impossible to phrase the matter more tersely and vividly, is itself an exemplar of a high degree of critical acumen. For the business of the critic is to appreciate, to rate a thing at its just value. In order to achieve his end, the critic must first understand the moving spirit. He must perceive and know the working of the human impulse; and when he has done that, he has done all. He has tracked the essence of the thing to its hidden source, so that he who reads may understand. And to attain understanding is the business of the student of letters. Hence it is that the perusal of the *Voyages* were best begun with Professor Raleigh's essay in the twelfth volume. For the object and reward of such a perusal—apart from the pleasure to be gained from the stories themselves, set down in their sound, homely Elizabethan English—are surely the getting of a better understanding, not only of this England and empire of ours but, of the noble literature which is our inalienable possession.

THE ROMANCE OF THE JUNGLE

Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle. By Captain A. I. R. GLASFURD. (Lane, 16s. net.)

THE public has within the last score of years had thrust upon it so many books concerning big-game shooting, a considerable percentage of them written by men who are distinctly better at handling the rifle than the pen, that it is apt to look somewhat askance at volumes of this kind. But a perusal of Captain Glasfurd's book convinces us that here is a work which will be received with pleasure by many classes of readers. It appeals to a far wider public than that to which sporting literature is usually addressed. In certain respects it is, indeed, somewhat of a new departure, and its author, who is a writer much above the average of his kind—the shikari kind—has succeeded in preparing a most cunning and admirable blend of fact, romance, weird mystery and sound advice. He is clearly a man who thoroughly understands his subject. He has entered heart and soul into the long and wonderful history of the jungle and its secrets, and he has succeeded in setting forth for the reader's behoof some of the most charming sketches of wild life and a wild country that we have ever had the good fortune to meet.

No man, who had not penetrated to the very heart of his subject, could have written the "Biography of a Tiger," a chapter in jungle life which relates with astonishing fidelity the life-history of this royal beast. We are not quite sure whether the finish of the tiger's long and bloody career is quite the artistic ending to this fascinating chapter. The narrative in "Told by the Doctor" imparts an eerie touch of the supernatural. Whether or not this is meant to be accepted as actual experience we are uncertain. Still, India is full of mystery and Mr. Rudyard Kipling has by this time accustomed us to the true Oriental mingling of crude matter-of-fact with uncanny happenings.

In the strange and wonderful tale of "The Vengeance of Jhápoo the Gónd," Captain Glasfurd has, by the way, given us a hunting yarn quite in the manner of Mr. Kipling himself. This strange story of the Gónd hunter,

who possessed the mystic secret of attracting tigers in his own lifetime, and whose mummified remains were, after his death, utilised for the same purpose, is quite one of the best combinations of mystery and wild life that we have read for a long time. It has the right romantic flavour and is likely to linger in the memory.

But the book is by no means composed only of matter of this kind. The author, quitting the realms of mystery and imagination, conducts us at other times into the plainer paths of straightforward fact. He has the knack of making his narrative at all times interesting, and his accounts of sport with sambar, sloth bear, boar, leopard, blackbuck, buffalo and so forth are very well done. He is manifestly a keen naturahst, learned in the ways and habits of the game about which he discourses. His sketches of the life histories of that fine deer the sambar, and of the blackbuck are, in their way, as excellent as that of the tiger. In "Melursus diabolicus," he tells of an adventure of his own with a sloth bear, in which his escape from death must have been truly marvellous. The sloth bear is, in effect, by no means the harmless and inoffensive beast imagined even by many sportsmen, and Captain Glasfurd's wounds and his miraculous escape from the dangers of a yawning precipice testify to the seriousness of an encounter with one of these despised animals.

Search where one will through this entertaining book, one happens always upon sound literature, fine descriptions, good natural history and lively adventure. The author is clearly in love with his subject, and his pictures of jungle scenery and jungle life are wonderfully vivid. We have read few books on India in which the scenes described have been so well conveyed to the mind's eye of the reader. "The Man Eater of Bélkhéra," "By Tamarind and Mhowa," "Reminiscences of Junglypur," and "Panther-Fishing in Mung-Bung," are all in their way excellent. The reader should by no means neglect in the appendix the "Letters of Jhoot Singh," process-server, táhsil chaprasi and sometime shikari, which give one an extraordinarily good idea of the native mind in connection with Indian sport.

Finally in "Round the Camp Fire," the author has not neglected to give his views on the position and future of Indian shooting—views which are well worth the attention of all those interested in this subject. His idea of a battery is: for ponderous game the medium bore cordite rifle; for dangerous soft-skinned game (tiger and leopard for example), at close ranges, the ball and shot-gun of the Paradox type, not smaller than 12-bore; and for long sporting range shooting at harmless game, on hill or plain, the '303.

Upon the whole we are inclined to consider this volume as one of the best on Indian wild life that have appeared for the last forty years. Its blending of romance and reality, far from destroying its verisimilitude, renders it additionally fascinating. Well illustrated and well got up, it is in all respects a first-rate book.

NEITHER BOOK NOR GUIDE-BOOK

A Book of South Wales. By S. BARING-GOULD. With fifty-seven Illustrations. (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE is no doubt about Mr. Baring-Gould's talent, or about the willingness of the public to buy books of this kind; yet our wonder is now revived for the hundredth time, as to what such books mean; what they are designed to express; why they are read. They are like guides in every way, except that they do not guide, and to us, at least, they seem to be inferior to their much earlier predecessors, in spite of the fact that in size, brevity and accuracy they are superior. A hundred years ago, fifty years ago, if a man wrote a book about Wales, he was a learned man, or he had crossed a mountain which no other writing Englishman had crossed, or he had enjoyed himself immensely there, and in any case, thought that the world ought to know it. So he put down a few fairy tales, a few legends, a few scraps of history, added many

descriptions of scenery and of his own delight, and made a book which is unreadable to-day. Yet at least the motive of his book was clear. The result was truly a book. He would describe his route with care, mentioning the state of the roads and inns, and places that commanded good views; and thus the book had character; it was a man's impression; it was companionable in its time, and useful, we dare say.

A volume like the one before us is hardly a book. Let us admit at once that it is packed with information. There is history; there are fairy tales, adventures; many pages reveal to a discerning reader the people and the places; the photographs are many and good. But it is not one's man impression, it is a hundred confused and partial impressions. There is no plan; it does not even follow the course of a walking tour; it might be supposed that there are no roads in Wales, if Mr. Baring-Gould were our only source of information. Nor is there any unity of spirit. We dimly believe that the author wishes to give us information; we do not know why, and we see that he does not like it. Such a book could be valuable only if it were complete; if it told us all that every one knew, or what several representative men knew. It does not do that, perhaps from lack of space. Sometimes, the author transcribes history at great length; he digresses; he gives, e.g., half a dozen instances, from many lands, of dancing in holy places, because he has mentioned that they used to dance in the churchyards of Radnor; but clearly he does it because these facts have been easily accessible, not because he revels in them and can express himself thereby. Therefore, he is often flat. But while he expands often, he often clips. He will spoil a legend, e.g., the legend of the shepherd and the maiden of Llyn y fan fach, in order to cut it short; he will omit the finishing touch of a story, as he does in copying Gerald's story of Elidorus and the little people; he vulgarises others. Now and then he feels that his faculty of giving mere information is running away with him, and he stops short; then his transitions are wonderful. He completes nothing; he suggests nothing. He wastes time in calling Geoffrey "that supreme prince of liars," which is absurd, and then sets down a number of valueless possibilities and denials, infinitely less useful than Geoffrey's exuberances. He transcribes almost word for word some of Elijah Waring's pictures of Iolo Morganwg, without acknowledgment. And all this because he has no motive. Hence also his style is bad. It is sometimes inaccurate, often inconsequent; its short sentences are suddenly printed as paragraphs, for no reason; it is capable of this, too:

"It may be said of every man, that at one moment in his life luck holds the golden plum above his lips. But it is not every man who snaps and secures it." . . .

Briefly, the book is typical of its kind to-day, and its chief merit is that it is made, probably not out of malice aforethought, to supply exactly the needs of idle tourists seeking useless information.

THE CITY OF ETERNAL CONTRADICTIONS

Rome. Painted by A. PISA. Text by M. A. R. TUKER and HOPE MALLESON. (A. & C. Black, 20s. net.)

THE publishers have brought to the production of this book spacious qualities—good print, generous treatment of the page, liberal use of pictures, admirable colour-printing. The paintings by A. Pisa are dainty and charming. True, they have nothing of the grand manner; his Rome is bereft of grandeur and of the impression of her mighty splendour, haunted by not even the ghost of her departed magnificence. But it is good to meet with an artist who will see Rome for himself and paint her as he sees her, even though there be some little discrepancy between text and illustrations. Even so, this book is one of the best in all this fine series, for they that have wrought the written picture of Rome within it have trailed something of that ancient magnificence across

these pages; nay, have done a more perfect work than that—they have stated the Rome of to-day, her life, her soul, her true inward meaning, her virtues and her vices, with a clearness that will make the book a necessity to all who would embark on the journey to the wondrous city out of whose lap were born two of the mightiest civilisations of the past—that Rome that was conceived from those two hills by yellow Tiber whereon shepherd clans had their wattled homes, coming down into the valley that divided them to fight out their rivalries and their feuds—that Rome that, incapable of mysticism as of philosophy, used her practical bent to build up the world this side of the grave into one of the most splendid of Empires; to build up the hint of the world beyond the grave into one of the most splendid of churches. Rome, that has bred a people who live in the street, not in their comfortless, squalid homes—a splendid city that is infested by aggressive beggars—a lawless city where the brigand until recently flung his hat in the road and begged alms for the love of God, his blunderbuss at your head to bring charity to birth. Rome that has been pulled down and into waste-heaps by almost every generation of her sons, and rebuilt out of her splendid fragments, and torn down again and builded again—whose senseless blood-feuds were fought with the flinging of missiles torn from her majestic and beautiful sculptures, so rich was she in works of priceless art. Rome, where the peasant's dog-hole and the rich man's palace alike have been built of the marble fragments filched from the homes of the Cæsars. Goth and Vandal, emperor and mob, pope and cardinal, all have pillaged her—she, the magnificent, who aforetime had the greatest baths in the world, where now the Roman has forgotten how to wash. Religious processions make her streets to swarm; and her every tradesman is a born cheat, every soul a lover of the pageant of life, every servant a rebel against the washing of a floor; where every man loves his blood-kin, none knows friendship. Rome that breeds the most amiable well-bred people in the western world, a people too proud to work, never too proud to beg—a people that taught their daughters to read that they might satisfy the Roman itch of curiosity, forbade them to write lest they should pen the love-letter! Rome that stabs with the stealthily drawn sudden steel to settle the most insignificant quarrel—where the death-blow, struck in the public square in open daylight is carefully unseen by all that stand round about—wanton, childish, hot-blooded Rome, that is incapable of understanding the word Justice. A holy city where cruelty to animals that sickens the heart to see merely arouses a shrug or smile even in her priests—a city where crime is blackest in all Europe. Holy Rome in whose streets no woman may walk alone and unmolested. Rome, which is the very treasure-house of the arts, and the home of the most in-artistic of people. A city of Romance that has two smells, one by day and one by night, that no man shall ever forget. The eternal city—of eternal contradictions.

TRAVELLERS' TALES

Études critiques sur la vie de Colomb avant ses découvertes. By HENRY VIGNAUD. (Paris: H. Welter.)

THE traveller's right to romance is of great antiquity and one of the most widely respected of privileges. Columbus made free use of this right, though to what extent posterity will probably never know. M. Vignaud's book is an elaborate series of studies on some of the more doubtful points in the early career of Columbus, and concludes with the terse statement that "Colomb n'était pas un homme véridique, voilà la seule conclusion qu'il convient de poser pour le moment." It is to be hoped that M. Vignaud may find it convenient at some future date to continue his investigations, for although the points raised in his volume are historically trivial, their bearing is of far greater importance.

Columbus, according to M. Vignaud, was not, as he pretended to be, one of a family of navigators, nor was he, as his son maintained, of a noble family: he was, as were his parents and all his kin, a weaver. His son and Las Casas have perpetuated the statement that there were two admirals in the family, which is false. The much-disputed year of his birth is now said to be 1451 and not 1435 nor any of the other dates given; he was not educated at Pavia; he did not go to sea at the age of fourteen; he did not explore as far as Iceland; he was not a truthful man: these are a few of the results of M. Vignaud's labours. In broader terms, it may be said that not one of the facts related by his son and by Las Casas about the youth of Columbus can be accepted as proved, and they were facts related by Columbus himself and not merely rumours. It is easy to say that these inventions were the outcome rather of vanity than of duplicity, and that, when all is said and done, they are of no importance inasmuch as they do not detract from the greatness of Columbus' work. The insight into the explorer's character, however, has a deeper interest. Is the old legend that Columbus sought for a western route to the Indies doomed to be laid bare as fiction? If so, we must set about finding a new theory of the origin and character of the enterprise which resulted in the discovery of the New World. The theory based on the assertions of so untruthful a man as Columbus, and of the early writers to whom he dictated his fictions, must be scrutinised as carefully as have been the facts of his youth. The fictitious events of his early life may well have been invented to fit in with his "western passage" theory: hence we find Columbus as a sailor by profession, admirals in the family tree, university education, campaigns in war, long expeditions to the uttermost parts of the earth—an excellent training for the future discoverer of America. But if we grant the truth of M. Vignaud's profound study on the subject, we can only wonder what led Columbus across the sea: there is, on the face of it, no reason for believing Columbus himself.

Some champion may possibly arise. Sir Clements Markham might take up the cudgels, or Mr. Andrew Lang might touch upon the subject, but whatever may happen, M. Vignaud has made a most determined attack on tradition. Possibly the best thing to do now would be to write a book to show that Columbus never lived: a greater than he experienced this honour, and his memory still thrives.

A CHRONICLE OF PERUGIA

Chronicles of the City of Perugia: 1492-1503. Written by FRANCESCO MATARAZZO. Translated by EDWARD STRACHAN MORGAN. (Dent, 5s.)

A HISTORY at first hand is always welcome, and a scholar's view of active warfare can hardly fail to be instructive. Few writers have been better equipped for romantic storytelling than Francesco Matarazzo, who spent practically the whole of his life studying at close quarters the personal struggles which made the times in which he lived so picturesque. His eye ranged over the whole of Italy, whilst his home-loving mind, addicted to peaceful learning, dwelt with sorrowful satisfaction upon the Perugia which ambition and the lust of men had made desolate. Happily he found it worth a song. Indeed, his chronicle has some of the qualities of an epic, and might be offered with confidence to any good poet in search of a theme. Though it begins with lamentation and woe, it surges along to an accompaniment of all the manly virtues; noble deeds are accomplished at every turn, if often for very ignoble ends. Matarazzo is not one of those writers who can record facts of horror without a shudder, and he never takes pains to extenuate the violent actions even of his heroes and patrons, the Baglioni. On the other hand, we cannot help wishing that we might hear a little more of the chronicler himself, a little more of the part his undoubtedly prudent counsels must have played in the turbulent age so vividly

realised by his writings. To the day of his death he was held in honour at Perugia, and he died at the age of seventy-five. The highest offices were filled by him both in the University and in the State. Though for a few years he taught elsewhere, it was to Perugia that he looked in the end for everything that made life worth living; and he paid the debt with interest. "As we turn over his pages the life of Perugia palpitates before us."

And what a life! The whole method of existence in these grand mediæval towns, especially of Italy, presents a fiscal problem big with interest. How could the fabric of society ever hold together in the face of such extravagance? So-called States, which possessed no commercial resources, vied with one another in devising suitable entertainment for distinguished guests. They indulged in aldermanic splendour without its vulgarity. Their very soldiering was half love of show. And since to build finely was an obvious public duty, the life of the commonwealth had to be adjusted on a scale commensurate with dignity visible at every turn. When a mere professor—and such for the greater part of his life was Matarazzo—could succeed in obtaining for his stipend the taxes of two villages, it is easy to understand what misery was inflicted in order to secure the glory of the Baglioni. And yet that "High and Mighty Family" condoned for its misdeeds, which were typical of the age, by courage, nobility, liberal-mindedness, and many other virtues. Though they spent too freely, they spent largely on beauty; though they made haste to shed blood, it was in the cause of what they held to be honour and justice that their own lives were lavishly given. And the same must be said of their rivals.

Matarazzo's Chronicle is, indeed, chiefly an affair of excursions and alarms. For several centuries the riotous enterprises of the Baglioni and Oddi factions made history for Perugia, and it was in Matarazzo's own time that the most exciting episodes culminated. Braccio Fortebracci, the greatest of all Perugians, had fallen in battle some twenty years before the historian's birth. After Braccio's day, the dream of a central kingdom, which should equal the mightier Italian States, was shattered, but a theory was still left to be fought for, and the struggles which followed make lively reading, right down to the time when the Baglioni fell, to rise no more.

Saints and sinners jostle one another in this ancient world of wild passions and mettlesome encounters, with a pride in their own virtue or vice such as this milder age would strive in vain to copy. Miracles were common in old Perugia. Saint Colomba might be deluded; so thought the brothers of Saint Francis; but facts are facts, and the secular arm was raised in her defence, the city's purse was placed at her disposal. Such deeds speak louder than mere legends. "Believe or not as you please," says the chronicler. For he has many more marvellous things to relate. There is the story of the death of Altobello, for instance, a marauder who met with his due.

"And proclamation was made for Altobello. At the last he was found. . . . Then they who had taken him would have kept him alive and brought him to show to their captain. . . . Yet so great was the multitude of those who cried, 'Kill him, kill him at once,' that they began to smite him. And if the first had tried to protect him they also would have been slain with him; and so great was the number of those that wished to smite that in the throng they wounded one another. . . . And when he was dead all that were there ran and seized the flesh of him and ate it, raw as it was, like dogs or swine; so that nothing was left of his wretched, miserable body. Yea, had he been as huge as a giant he would not have sufficed to give his enemies to eat. And if any one had had an ounce of that flesh to sell he could have found those who would have bought it for a golden ducat; but none was left. . . . So he fell by the just judgment of God, in requital for the deeds he had done in his lifetime."

We do not know what the Higher Criticism will make of this story: for ourselves, we must decline to swallow it all. Nor have we much more respect for the signs and portents which accompanied the doings and dealings of the elect at times of crisis or of peril. And yet these stories, taken as a whole, ring true. They are written with a rare

verve, a peculiar sharpness and clearness. The pure skies of Italy are here reflected as in a burnished mirror. Women play but an insignificant part in the plots and counterplots which are developed, but now and then we catch a glimpse of an Atalanta, heroic and pathetic, or of a Lucrezia, boldly depicted—"bearing the great banner of all loose women": and so the pageant is unfolded line by line. The book is hereby heartily commended to all lovers of Italy. Matarazzo's name, and that of his skilful translator, Mr. Morgan, must henceforward be honourably coupled whenever "Perusia Augusta" or the Baglioni, so long her masters, succeed in thrusting themselves on our remembrance.

TRAVEL IN SYRIA

In a Syrian Saddle. By A. GOODRICH-FREER. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

"HERE in this wild wilderness, an unfinished dream of the sculptor of a giant age, stood the castle of Mshatta; paralysing us with such awe of its beauty and mystery, the unique perfection of its workmanship. . . . We were speechless in presence of this monument of a race to which we could give no name, of a purpose at which we could not even guess."

This was on the far side of the Jordan in the land of Gilead, a land all but unknown, having been traversed by only a few scientists and a few missionaries. The castle referred to is perhaps the supreme architectural puzzle of the world. With a façade a hundred and fifty-six feet long, covered with a mass of sculpture, it remains to speak of an unknown race, and an unknown style; no one can even guess at its builders or at the intention for which it was erected. Miss Goodrich-Freer had exceptional privileges in her visit to this fascinating and mysterious building, for she, the only lady, went with a party of men one of whom was a world-famous *savant*, who, we have reason to believe, though she discreetly does not reveal the fact, was sent for no less an object than to select and detach a part of this wonderful carving as a present from the Sultan to the Kaiser.

The book is an account of two journeys of which the one above referred to, by far the most interesting, occupied only ten days. The other was to the better-known lands to the west of the Jordan. Miss Goodrich-Freer has a happy knack of absorbing and interpreting a country through which she passes, as those who enjoyed her "Outer Isles" will know. But here she has obviously found it a little difficult to make bricks without straw. Her journeys were too short and slight, and with the exception of Mshatta the places she visited of too little interest to make an absorbing book. Yet there are plums not a few, and the book is at any rate readable everywhere. After it is done some faint essence of the fascination of the East lingers with us. We can see the "vast spaces with dim horizons, bounded by low ranges of hills, showing in deep purple against the cloudless sapphire sky;" we can sympathise with the longing which the sight of the distant hills of Moab implants in the breasts of those who live near Jerusalem; we feel afresh the marvel of that land of a civilisation so ancient that ours is but as a mushroom to an oak in comparison. In one very striking parallel the author compares the excavation of a "Tell" to the case of the city of York, which she imagines in the course of ages to have been covered up by a grass-grown mound higher than the minster towers; it is as if a party of men in the far future should send a vertical shaft through the middle and come to the Roman city, and to two or three cities below that, before they began their operation of searching for relics.

The human note is struck in telling of the company with which she performed the journey; and Miss Goodrich-Freer has hit on the rather happy method of labelling the party; she herself is The Lady, though it might not always be gathered from the strictly impersonal way in which the narrative is told; and the Doctor is he to whom the book is dedicated, and with whom by this time she has

started on that longer journey to which she refers in the dedication. We must add that it is unpardonable in these days to have sent forth such a book without a map, on which both routes should have been clearly marked.

THE CASE FOR THE RAILWAYS

Railways and their Rates. By EDWIN A. PRATT. (Murray, 5s.)

RAILWAYS are among our best abused institutions. The list of their offences, real or imaginary, is lengthy. They have strangled the canals, blackmailed the home trader, favoured the foreigners, and sacrificed the local traffic to through transport. Much of this criticism is certainly exaggerated, though we find it hard to believe the average railway is so immaculate as Mr. Pratt makes out. On reading this thick-and-thin supporter of British railroads one might fancy the old saying about corporations did not apply, that somewhere in the future economy of things there must be a place for such moral entities as railway companies. The truth is that they teem with virtuous intentions: now it is a laudable consideration for the little trader; now an overwhelming eagerness to meet the slightest wish of the business man, even to the undertaking of unprofitable transport; now a burning zeal to bring cheap food to the door of the masses. Legislative interference meets with less than justice at the hands of this indefatigable whitewasher of everything connected with railways. On the other hand, the book brings out clearly the strong points of English railways, their safety, and the superior accommodation they give to both passengers and goods. It shows up the fallacy of comparing English short hauls and small consignments with American experiences. It indicates that the fruit-growers' chief handicap is often not so much the charges of the railway as of the London middleman. It reveals the need of co-operation among farmers, and touches a real grievance in the rise in contributions to local rates.

PAMPERING THE STUDENT

Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Vol. I. containing Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida* and *England's Jubilee*, Benlowes' *Theophila* and the Poems of Katherine Philips and Patrick Hannay. Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY has done a piece of work that needed to be done, and has done it in his own characteristic style. He has earned the thanks of all students of the Caroline period for his share in rendering these rare poems accessible to a much wider circle of readers than has hitherto been possible. If we are compelled to examine this gift-horse somewhat critically, we are nevertheless conscious that it is much to possess it at all, and, though demurring here and there, we are grateful.

We do not think Professor Saintsbury has been well served by his publishers. What sin has the buyer of texts committed that he should be compelled by the Clarendon Press to make his first acquaintance with these minor poets in a volume inconvenient to hold, disfigured by double columns and weighing three pounds avoirdupois? Not one purchaser would have been lost if the publishers had issued the work in four volumes at half the price, instead of in the two contemplated, and the extra cost of binding would have been more than met by the sales to many who might have bought these volumes to read them: at present they are books of reference for the library shelf.

We do not know whether to debit the printer-publishers or the editor with a further charge. The facsimile title-pages to "Pharonnida," "Theophila," etc., immediately precede Professor Saintsbury's introductions to these poems, instead of being placed after the introductions, immediately preceding the poems themselves, the natural

and obviously correct way. Thus, again and again the reader is confronted with the Professor's prefaces, sandwiched between the facsimile title of the old poem and its dedicatory verses or the author's preface, an arrangement as clumsy and unnecessary as it is misleading.

Professor Saintsbury's General Introduction strikes a much-needed note in its plea for a wider recognition of "second-rate" writers: no fruitful work in any period of English literature can result unless ample attention is paid to the many as well as to the few. Only after study of the many can general tendencies be clearly seen, and mere justice be done to those outbursts of splendour in the few whom we call great poets. In our ignorance of the principles of literary history and literary criticism we speak of these isolated manifestations as original genius, much as the old-fashioned theologian speaks of original sin: crests of waves we should the rather call them, impossible save for the movement beneath. In this matter of literary criticism in the General Introduction to the present volume and in the separate introductions to the poets whose works are included in it, Professor Saintsbury is on his own ground. Those who have learned from him in the past, who have admired, with envy, his stores of knowledge concerning the many as well as the few, who can ignore, or pardon, his wilfully crabbed style, which seems at times deliberately to choose the more crooked way in which to explain his meaning, know that they will be certain to meet with sane views, balanced by a sense of proportion born of acquaintance with many literatures. They will welcome the announcement that a "History of English Prosody" is to follow the recently completed "History of Literary Criticism," and they will remember many long-past reviews belonging to the old London days in the discussion of the question "Is the delight here?" though with a feeling that the Professor's statement that an affirmative answer to the question wins the case in his imaginary final court of appeal might easily be invalidated by an answer to a further question, "Whom does the poem delight?"

So far we read with profit and with pleasure, until we reach the postscript to the General Introduction, and here there is just cause for complaint.

"The principles of editing," says Professor Saintsbury, "which have been adopted can be very shortly set forth. . . . The spelling has been subjected to the very small amount of modernisation necessary to make it uniform with the only uniformity which is at all possible."

The punctuation, too, has undergone revision, and it is pleaded that these interferences are made in the interest of the student. Now, what is the case? Of the few people who are interested in English literature, a very few only will or can concern themselves with minor poets of the Caroline period, and these will be professed students, with some knowledge of seventeenth-century printing, anxious to possess trustworthy texts, especially in such cases as these where the originals are hard to come by: they will naturally resent any tampering with the text; they will ask: "Why the need for uniformity, since uniformity was far from being a characteristic of the age when the poems were written and printed?" These volumes are not cheap classics for the University Extension student, they are not pretty volumes for the boudoir: their size, their weight, their bulk relegate them to the library shelf. To modernise these rare poems is to take away from them the charm (not without its literary value) always associated with the reading of a text as nearly as possible in its original form; the alterations are needless for any purpose we can imagine; they give the student an uneasy feeling that he is being played with, for he does not know to what extent he has been pampered. The habit sufficed in the days of Gifford and Cunningham and Dyce; it met the needs of Weber and Singer, for there was a time when it was deemed a kindly thought to amend the grotesque spelling and punctuation of our forefathers in the patronising spirit of days thought to be more enlightened. But to-day? It is unscientific and unscholarly, a distinct loss in the case of all editions

intended for serious use. Professor Saintsbury endeavours to justify himself in his "Introduction to Edward Benlowes." It is a purely gratuitous assumption that to "edit" poetry must necessarily give it "the best chance of producing any poetical effect of which it is capable"; it may be so with a few, who are not likely to read the works in question, it will certainly not with others, and the Professor gives away a good part of his case when he says: "the extraordinary 'harlequin' effect of the original printing of 'Theophila' . . . emphasises unduly, for modern readers, the already sufficient eccentricity of the text." Exactly so; it is a part of the original *milieu*, and the modern reader is deprived of its aid by the fad of modernising.

Nor do we see what benefit is conferred by recording Singer's generally needless emendations of Chamberlayne's "Pharonnida," especially as Professor Saintsbury rightly rejects them again and again as unnecessary. "A long acquaintance with edited texts," writes one of the best known of English scholars, "has taught me that ignorance and conceit are the fruitful parents of conjectural emendation"; and with this general statement we are more than inclined to agree. Professor Saintsbury's own notes are excellent of their kind, commendably brief and rarely intrusive: we should have been glad of a few more on the historical and biographical side, for the opportunity of editing these minor worthies is one that will not soon recur.

Of the writers whose poems are represented in this first volume, Chamberlayne is probably familiar to readers of Southey, Benlowes little more than a name to most students of English literature: a few will have turned from the reference to him in the "Dunciad" to Warburton's note, still fewer will have read Butler's "Character of a Small Poet." The case of Mrs. Katherine Philips, "the Matchless Orinda," is different. Her verses are known to all students of seventeenth-century poetry, and it is a great boon to have them reprinted. Readers of Cowley's verses on her death will now more easily be able to turn to her poems and ascertain for themselves how far the comparison with Pope Joan is justified. The text adopted seems to be that of 1678: we wonder why. The folio of 1667, published three years after her death, seems to have the prior claim.

THE MYSTIC'S PRAYER

LAY me to sleep in sheltering flame,
O Master of the Hidden Fire:
Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me
My soul's desire.

In flame of sunrise bathe my mind,
O Master of the Hidden Fire,
That, when I wake, clear-eyed may be
My soul's desire.

FIONA MACLEOD.

SENIOR WRANGLERS

Is it well for a man who wants to succeed in life to begin by being a Senior Wrangler? The question is debated and perhaps debatable. The popular view seems to be that the Senior Wrangler is a plant that flowers too early and is destined to premature decay. He is, we are told—to drop metaphor—"played out" as the result of his excessive labours; whereas the Second, Third, and other Wranglers retain "a bit in hand" which, after the Tripos is over, enables them to pass him in the race. But is this really so? Suppose we take a Cambridge Calendar, and a Dictionary of National Biography, and see.

In the race for the episcopal bench, at any rate, it is the

Second Wranglers who are the winners. Nine of them, and only seven of the Seniors, have become Bishops. But, of course, one Bishop differs from another Bishop in glory. There is one glory of the Archbishop of Canterbury and another glory of the Bishop of Rumbold. So that these statistics may very well be misleading—more especially as the habit of consecrating distinguished mathematicians to the episcopacy has for many years been on the decline. In the days of Porteus (Tenth Wrangler in 1752), Pretymann (Senior Wrangler in 1772), and Blomfield (Third Wrangler in 1808), it was the rule. Since the time of Goodwin of Carlisle (Second Wrangler in 1840), it has been the exception; and the practice of the Bishop-makers has been, more and more, to lay hands hastily on some Junior Optime. Perhaps, therefore, the best way of getting a bird's-eye view of the subject such as may justify a generalisation will be to consider separately:

(1) The cases in which the Second, or other High Wrangler has been obviously a bigger man than the Senior.

(2) The cases in which the Senior Wrangler is admittedly more distinguished than the Second or any other near him on the list.

(3) The cases in which Senior and Second Wranglers have both achieved considerable, and approximately equal, distinction.

The first example of our first case is Bishop Porteus of London, the Tenth Wrangler already mentioned; and perhaps he is too low down on the list to count. Our next instance occurs in 1771, when the Third Wrangler, Law of Peterhouse, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, was distinctly a bigger man than his two Seniors, Starkie of John's, and Kedington of Caius; our third in 1777, when the first name on the list that one recognises at a glance is that of the Fifth Wrangler, Lord Manners, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland of whom O'Connell said that he was "the most sensible looking man talking nonsense that he ever saw." Now we must take a jump to 1816. The Senior Wrangler of that year was one Jacob, known to those who knew him as a K.C. and the author of a treatise on the Law of Real Property; the Second Wrangler was Whewell, who is known to all the world. In 1827, the Fourth Wrangler, Augustus de Morgan, of high mathematical fame, was of more account than any one of his three seniors, or than all of them put together. Similarly with Pritchard, the astronomer, Fourth Wrangler in 1830. Then, in 1836, we find an unknown Smith of Trinity second to Colenso, Bishop of Natal, and, in 1837, an unknown Griffin of Saint John's senior to Sylvester, the geometrician. In 1840 Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, was second to R. L. Ellis of Trinity, who began to edit Bacon in conjunction with Spedding, but who fell into bad health and died without doing anything for which he is widely remembered. Next follows a famous case. In 1845 Parkinson of John's, known as the author of a very creditable treatise on Optics, was Senior to the Thompson of Trinity who became Lord Kelvin. The Second Wrangler was, even at the time, notoriously the more brilliant man of the two; but Parkinson was the faster worker. For months before the examination he had secretly practised "pace" under Senate House conditions, and could write out the answers to more questions than his opponent in the allotted time, so that "Parkinson's pace" was long, and perhaps still is, a saying at Cambridge. Passing on to 1855, we find Mr. Leonard Courtney second to a Savage of John's, whose name suggests nothing; and we note that, in 1856, the greatest of the Wranglers was Professor Fawcett, who was seventh, and that, in 1857, the third on the roll of the Wranglers, Sir John Horst, is first on the roll of fame.

Now for the cases in which posterity, as well as the examiners, awards the Senior Wrangler the palm. We shall find that they are numerous. Let us print the list in the form of a table, first noting that where we give no information about the Second Wrangler it is because we have none of any general interest to give.

In 1763.
(1) Archdeacon Paley, author of "The Evidences of Christianity."
(2) Frere of Caius, the father of John Hookham Frere, and of some note in his day as an antiquary.

In 1772.
(1) Bishop Tomline, Pitt's tutor and private secretary, made by Pitt Bishop of Winchester, and would have been made by him Archbishop of Canterbury if George III. had not objected.
(2) Stevenson of Clare.

In 1806.
(1) Lord Chief Baron Pollock.
(2) Henry Walter of John's, known in his day as a divine and an antiquary.

In 1813.
(1) Sir John Herschell.
(2) Peacock of Trinity, Dean of Ely, a writer on the calculus, and Professor of Astronomy.

In 1823.
(1) Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal.
(2) Jeffreys of John's.

In 1841.
(1) Sir George Stokes, President of the Royal Society.
(2) H. C. Jones of Trinity.

In 1842.
(1) Cayley of Trinity, whose reputation as a mathematician was world-wide.
(2) Simpson of John's.

In 1843.
(1) Adams, the astronomer who discovered Uranus.
(2) Bashforth of John's.

In 1848.
(1) Todhunter, whose school-books we all know.
(2) Mackenzie of Caius.

In 1850.
(1) Besant of John's, brother of Sir Walter Besant, and a great mathematical coach,
(2) Watson of Trinity.

In 1854.
(1) Routh of Peterhouse, the greatest mathematical coach that the world has ever seen.
(2) Maxwell of Trinity.

In 1863.
(1) Mr. Justice Romer.
(2) Leake of Trinity.

That ends our second category. Now let us make a similar list of the cases in which, Senior and Second Wranglers having achieved distinction in different fields of endeavour, it is difficult, or might seem invidious, to say that either of them is more distinguished than the other.

In 1794.
(1) Butler, headmaster of Harrow, and afterwards Dean of Peterborough.
(2) Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor of England.

In 1829.
(1) Bishop Philpott of Worcester.
(2) The seventh Duke of Devonshire.

In 1865.
(1) Lord Rayleigh.
(2) Professor Marshall, now Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge.

In 1868.
(1) Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C.
(2) George Howard Darwin, Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge.

There our tables end. Any one who runs his eye down them will be able to compare the achievements of Senior and Second Wranglers for himself. But it may also be possible to adopt some system of marking, and so reduce the results of the comparison to figures. Suppose we allow one mark each to every Senior or Second Wrangler not classed as eminent, three marks each to those who stand alone in their eminence, and two marks each in the cases in which we have decided that the honours are easy. The score works out as follows:

Senior Wranglers: $6 + 8 + 39 = 53$
Second Wranglers: $18 + 8 + 18 = 44$

Majority 9

The Senior Wranglers, it will be seen, win "hands down." The Second Wranglers, it is true, make a fair show; but the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and other Wranglers are nowhere. Whence it must be concluded that the popular prejudice against Senior Wranglers rests upon no solid basis of fact, and that the sober truth is that the better a mathematician does in the Mathematical Tripos the greater, *ceteris paribus*, are his prospects of ultimately setting fire to some larger river than the Cam.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

PLACES

IN the leafy month of June even the bookworm becomes like a snail in its shell when rain is coming. He turns his mind to Arcady with a "God! for the little brooks that tumble as they run!" He would fain away from his musty library to the lane, now fragrant with the opening wild roses, or to the cliff where he can hear the waves breaking against the rocks and feel his nostrils assailed by the salt-ness of the sea-wind. Ah me! Little do we reck of books when the gorse is shining in acres of yellow gold; and yet it is strange what a hankering some people have after the footsteps of the illustrious. "And *did* you once see Shelley plain?" It is the hero worship of youth. As we grow older and get to hob-nob with celebrities the dream and the illusion appear to fade away. For your great man is just like the rest of us. He has his moments, but so has the greatest dullard on earth. He is frequently bored and just as often himself a bore to others. Play with him at golf or bridge and you soon learn that his greatness has its infirmities and that they are singularly like those of other people. Not that he becomes commonplace either, unless when looked upon with a commonplace eye. He is no hero to his valet, nor to anybody who has only the mind of a valet; but the discerning also know that the gold is hidden under loads of earth.

This probably looks more like digression than it actually is. My theme at the moment is the particular kind of hero-worship that takes the form of studying the places where-with great men have been associated. It was a weakness of my own callow days. Long ago I remember once penetrating into the heart of that wild west where Carlyle came from, and in the village of Ecclefechan searching out the birthplace of the seer. When shown the very room in which he first saw the light, I could not help asking: "Was Carlyle really born there?" "Ay, that was he," replied the stout dame who was showing the room, adding as though the fact were of even greater importance: "And oor Maggie was born in the varra same bed." It seemed to dissolve a little of the romance in laughter, but yet it was good to feel that little cottage Maggie and Thomas shared the great events of life in common. For the rest, it was pleasant enough to learn something of the environment in which little "Tam" spent his youth, how one relative had been noted for a great striker and another "hunted" in defiance of the game laws. And it was easy to reconstruct the old peasant life of Scotland with its scantiness of money and frequent lack of food. It is a life that has passed away, and given place to one of big vulgar towns, of clerks and travellers, of tall hats and eating-houses, but it was out of the ancient frugal, hard-living Scotland that the men came who carried the country's fame to the ends of the earth. In that the peasant had as great a share as the noble.

Leave the cottage and the peasant, and on the wings of fancy cross from the West to the East of that wild Borderland where every valley seems yet to ring with the slogan and every stream has its romance. Our wishing-cap has set us down in the Scott country, in the land of one who was almost an aristocrat by birth and wholly one by temperament. Perhaps it was natural that the peasant should be the more strenuous of the two. One of the few friends of Carlyle who still survive him was telling me about Carlyle the other day, of his thick peasant lips and strong face, of his vehemence and still more of his robust laugh. But the comparison of the two shows how potent is association in the formation of literary character. Obviously if they had changed places and Scott had been born into a peasant's cottage it is extremely unlikely that he would ever have gathered that store of legendary knowledge and romance that formed the groundwork of his novels. Browning, in one of his poems, talks of "plastic circumstance just meant to give the soul its bent," but probably

he was undervaluing circumstance. Greatness seems in most cases to be the result when genius is brought into the environment most calculated to develop it. Scott had the Border blood in his veins, and therefore, as he tells us himself, was from childhood interested in the innumerable tales of feud and fray, which, at the time when he lived, were still recounted from personal memory. He had also that genius for romance which finds what it seeks in the raving of a river like the Tweed and in the murmur of the wind through pine-forests. I have sometimes thought when at Dryburgh with the river flowing past that there might be some truth in his own saying that "mute Nature mourns her worshipper," although Ruskin would doubtless have said that was one part of the "pathetic fallacy." And the longer we live the less sentiment do we feel about it. Nature's indifference to man and all his works becomes more fully demonstrated with every new experience of life. The sun shines equally upon the evil and the good, and the wind blows with no more emotion than is put into it by the brain and heart of him who hears. However, that is by the way. What I meant to point out was how Carlyle and Scott, living practically during the same period, had their own minds imbued with and gave to their fellows two utterly different and opposed views of life. One saw all its seriousness and the grim problems that have to be asked and answered between the cradle and the grave. The other was overpowered by its high romance and by the nobility of which human nature is capable. With this the element of place had much to do. In that cottage in the West where life was so difficult to support, the theory "*laborare est orare*" seems a fit and natural outcome. In the more romantic East with its thrilling memories the opposite seems to be equally at home. That writers have owed much to this marriage of circumstance and temperament is proved, if by nothing else, by the void that we find in those less happily placed. Around the childhood of R. L. Stevenson, for instance, there lingers an air of suburbanism that we can never get rid of. It is true that he has pleasant memories of hill, and field, and sea, and island, but they came to him later in life and were not truly "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." The same thing might be said of one who was greater than he—the author of "*Esmond*." In a sense it might be said that Thackeray scarcely had a childhood. From birth until he began to settle in life he was moved from place to place and had no opportunity of forming those deep-rooted associations which to the end of his days coloured the work of a man like the late Lord Tennyson. No doubt there is nothing indispensable to genius, and Thackeray rose superior to this misfortune of his childhood; but we can very well imagine how much charm would have been added to his work if his fate in this respect had been other than it was. So with Charles Dickens. The strong qualities that made a writer of him were undoubtedly independent of any association, but the squalor of his childhood certainly bereft his writing of some of that charm which it might otherwise have had. A thousand other memories of place crowd into the mind as I write; of Lichfield which exercised so strong an influence on the mind of Johnson; of Coate which ever like a dream that would not pass away haunted the mind of him who wrote the "*Gamekeeper at Home*"; of leafy Warwickshire that was so vividly reflected in the earliest and best of the long novels of George Eliot. But it would be tedious to go on with the enumeration. My point here is that sight-seeing is like view-hunting, one of the poorest occupations which humanity can engage in, but at the same time there is no study more delightful than that of endeavouring to understand the connection that there has been between any one who by virtue of his own intellectual force attained greatness, and the surroundings of his childhood which moulded that intellectual force and endowed it with a more exquisite charm.

A.

FICTION

The Day's Journey. By NETTA SYRETT. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

THE reader who makes a pleasant entrance into this story through the "little gate set between two walls of yew" that gives admittance to the country home of Robert Kingslake and Cecily his wife has already a premonition that, unlike the sun-dial on the cover, it marks other than sunny hours. The title, coupled with the fly-leaf verse from Christina Rossetti's poem, will have shown that the road is to "wind up-hill all the way," and as the journey progresses it becomes apparent that over the one tempting turning-place the author has set a double, if not, indeed, a triple guard. It is just this well-handled resolution to follow the road to the summit that makes the tale worth telling. The scheme at the outset is not uncommon either in real life or in fiction. Cecily, a brilliant girl, mated (at first to her heart's complete content) with one of the *gens irritable scriptorum*, finds after two or three years of secluded married life, during which she has borne and lost a child, that her husband's passion has spent its force and that he has struck up a "beautiful breezy friendship" with a serpentine and "artistic" young woman who is fooling him, from the most sordid motives, to the top of his bent. Neither in the situation nor in the fact that, just as the discovery of the truth is hardening her, an old lover and an old friend range up to the rescue of some of her happiness is there anything calling for special remark. The silver thread, as it were, of the story lies in its record of the tender, purely womanly, instinct which turns a devoted wife into one who can mother her husband out of the depths of her pity and love when his selfish folly and its results have left him like a penitent child who "wants her very much." "Oh Robin," she cries as he comes back to her, "what a thin little boy." "And then—she gave a curious little sound, half laugh, half cry—'men are such babies, aren't they? I can pretend he's my little boy!'" Women, we think, will be the best critics of this story. Mere men may fairly wish, however, that Miss Syrett had left any saving graces that Robin may have possessed a little less to the difficult masculine imagination.

Love in June. By KEBLE HOWARD. With Illustrations by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

WHEN an artist flies from London in the early June days, finds himself in comfortable quarters in an old country inn, waited upon by a lovely maiden with an unmistakable air of good breeding, the end of the story is an open secret, and the artist's fate foretold. Love, however, does not run too smoothly; there are obstacles and disappointments before the prize is won. It is all delightful and unworldly, this sojourn amid pastoral scenes and shrewd kindly country folk, who are sketched for us in a friendly spirit and in the most favourable light. There is humour, too, in the rustic courtship of the maid, the ostler, and the postman, and around all an atmosphere of leisure, good nature and romance that has an attraction of its own. Altogether a well-written story that should find many readers.

Tolla the Courtesan. By E. RODOCANACHI. Translated from the Italian by FREDERICK LAWTON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE title might lead one to imagine that here "luridness and lustre link": but this is very far from being the case. The book contains a picture, worked out with elaborate care for the most minute detail, of daily life in Rome in the year 1700. There are sixty-one letters supposed to be written by a French lord, who has been obliged to fly from France, to the lady of his love. Through these letters runs the thin thread of the story of the famous Vittoria or Tolla Boccadileone, of her love-affair with the son of the Queen of Poland, and of her ultimate ruin. But this is the merest pretext for giving M. Rodocanachi an opportunity to produce the result of his research into the life of

the time, as he himself remarks in the preface. The book is more valuable as history than as a piece of fiction; we feel that all the facts are accurate (even without the assurance of the imposing list of authorities at the end) and know them to be interesting: but the form of love-letters seems a singularly ineffective way of presenting a social history of any time. This is a pity, because in other respects the book is excellently done, and the quantity of collected details as to the manners and customs of the Romans gives us an extraordinary glimpse, which it would have been difficult to obtain without years of study. If only they had been letters to a friend, or even entries in a diary, all the excellence and interest of the book would have remained, and we should have been spared the lover's continual references to his heart and his love, and the worrying feeling that no lover would under any circumstances write certain things to his lady. The translation by Mr. Lawton is quite admirable.

The Memoirs of Constantine Dix. By BARRY PAIN. (Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

MR. BARRY PAIN has written some things which went beyond the merely funny, and were humorous. But his genius certainly deserted him when—perhaps over an after-dinner cigar—he created Mr. Constantine Dix: for the book nowhere bears his impress. One remembers the physician who advised a patient suffering from "the gloom" to go and see Grimaldi, only to be met by the sorrowful ejaculation: "I am Grimaldi!" Dispirits attack every man. But better, surely, on such an occasion to hide from the world than to force mere facetiousness—ghastly simulacrum of humour—upon it. Mr. Constantine Dix, whose portrait disfigures the cover of his *Memoirs*, was an amazing man. A specialist in crime, loving theft as a craftsman loves his craft, he was a brazen hypocrite. During the six working days, he informs us, it is his practice to spend the greater part of his time in the reformation of habitual criminals, and to employ the remainder in "relieving" owners of jewels of their property, despatching it to Brussels and placing the proceeds to his credit at the bank. He has conscientious objections to the conduct of nefarious operations on Sunday, so he mounts a platform in Hyde Park and preaches the gospel of salvation, preparatory to damning his soul on Monday. He thieves only to gratify his vanity, and has no scruples. The moneyed class, the thrifty, and defenceless old maids are alike his victims for nearly a couple of hundred pages. Then, almost on the eve of his marriage, Mr. Dix's housekeeper informs him that she is familiar with his method of life; she loves him, in fact she would rather like to marry him! A bottle of champagne, a slight addition—time-honoured methods—a manipulation of the glasses, and ere the sun his beacon red has flashed upon the motor's head Mrs. Pethwick is driven to an adjacent common, and reverently covered with bracken. Strange that it occurred to no one to consult the brain that directed those long, lean fingers over a Stradivarius in certain rooms in Baker Street!

Mr. Chippendale of Port Welcome. By CHARLES FELLOWS. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

NEVER has it been our misfortune to meet so many bad jokes as are contained between the covers of "Mr. Chippendale of Port Welcome." We read of "the warm, rich humanity of a Pythagoras, a Zoroaster, a Confucius," and are unable to determine whether Mr. Fellows is wholly serious or is laughing immoderately; but when he writes, "The part allotted to Mr. Chippendale was that of one of the murderers of Banquo; and the murder (of the part) was certainly never better executed," all doubt as to his hilarity vanishes. The book is crammed with similar distressful stuff. Mr. Chippendale is frankly modelled on Mr. Micawber, yet the two are as unlike as Adam Bede and Jude the Obscure. There is the same optimism about bubble schemes, and the same failure; there is the same

capacity for inflated rhetoric, the same impecuniosity, the same distribution of I.O.U.s. But there is this essential difference: Mr. Chippendale gives us none of the delightful things Micawber excelled in. From our knowledge of the colonial temper, we are quite sure the inhabitants of Cook's Island would have scoffed at Mr. Chippendale's grandiloquent speeches, refused his "acceptances," and broken his head. Mr. Fellows admits that the advisability of taking lessons in composition occurred to him; and we regret that there the matter ended. Those lessons might have taught him the absurdity of aping Dickens, and spared us misspellings, repetitions, incorrect quotations, the perpetual recurrence of the word "reliable," and similar errors.

FINE ART

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

(SECOND NOTICE)

It is advisable to let some time elapse before giving a definitive opinion on the Royal Academy or any other exhibition. The "exhibition headache" is not the best condition in which to judge fairly of pictures. The public that knows and understands—which is only a very small minority of those who frequent the Royal Academy—has recently shown impatience verging on unfairness in the treatment of this exhibition, but a calm unprejudiced mind must own that there is a vast deal of very considerable talent displayed, unfortunately, in most cases, in wrong and perverse directions. The most striking defect which runs throughout modern work, and perhaps more in the Royal Academy than elsewhere, is the absence of ideas: a deficiency which is almost universal now, but which would have been singular in preceding generations. If we have the curiosity to peep in next door to the Academy, in the Diploma Gallery, containing comparatively recent work, we shall find not a single canvas that is not informed by an idea—a good or a bad idea and well or ill executed, but still an idea. The perverse notion encouraged by the Royal Academy that a lack of pictorial artistic, or decorative ideas can be supplied by literary or moral ideas is nowhere so prevalent as at the Royal Academy. To clothe a pretty model in a peplum and plant her in an Italian landscape amidst olives and vines does not *per se* constitute ideal painting, and the delusion is remarkable chiefly in being almost universal. The popular opinion is that the President, at least, still holds up the banner; but however the themes may vary, there is not a pin to choose between their treatment by Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Sargent, Mr. La Thangue and Mr. Tuke—to take some names almost at random. The slight differences of treatment arise from purely material conditions. The passivity of the sun-flecked stones of *The Cup of Tantalus* allowed the painter greater scope for realism than the flickering movement of Mr. La Thangue's sea and shadow, and hence the *trompe l'œil* of the former is more striking than in the latter. This does not of course make Mr. La Thangue a more ideal painter than Sir Edward. That is another delusion, more prevalent on the Continent, fortunately, than in England, that failure to execute a realistic conception constitutes success in an idealistic one.

But an idealistic picture begins and ends with an idea. Sir Edward Poynter has allowed his original idea, poor little nestling, to be hustled out by that great bullying cuckoo, Nature. Whistler, one of the greatest of idealists, never allowed Nature to bully him, but calmly proceeded on lines he had laid down from the beginning. It is true that Whistler was so far modern and so far less of an idealist than the ancients that the ruling principle of his idealism was the art of selection and omission. This was not the case with Hobbema, for instance, or Gainsborough in his

landscapes, or George Morland. I select these names rather than such as are acknowledged idealists in subject, like Botticelli or Watts, because the idealism of the former is entirely pictorial and is not confused in our minds with literary associations. Nevertheless there is not a stroke of Hobbema, Morland or Gainsborough that is in any sense realistic. The idealism of these men lay not solely, not even in greater part, in the art of selection; it lay in a preconceived idea of what Nature looked like, a bias, an inner vision—a convention, if you like to call it so. Hobbema's and Gainsborough's trees do not in the least resemble photographs of trees, not because they stop short of complete realisation, but because they never began with that intention.

Of this great and bold conception of art there is hardly a trace to be found either in the Academy or in any other exhibition at the present day. Wherever there is a faint trace of this influence, as for instance, in Mr. Alfred East's landscapes, it unfortunately only serves to confuse the issue. There is a lack of frankness about Mr. East's work which is not atoned for by increase of scholarly workmanship. The painting is as messy and indigestible as in most modern work, and has not the excuse, if excuse there can be, of being a transcript from Nature. The two courses are open—frank conventionality or frank realism; and as the former appears to be incompatible in our temperament with any virility or real invention, we turn with relief to such whole-hearted performances as Mr. Mark Fisher's landscapes, Mr. Arthur Meade's extremely capable essay in the manner of Monet, *The Merry Springtime*, Mr. Christian Symons' vigorous sketch of children playing *Soldiers*, Mr. Charles Sims' *Washing-day*, and Mr. Harrington Mann's *Good Morning*. Mr. Frank Bramley's realism, in the large and elaborate *Grasmere Rush-bearing*, has the taint of the costume piece, although dealing with a modern ceremony. All these works are worthy of some consideration, which can be said of very few of the more idealistic pictures.

But among these latter it is curious to note that the most able are by Frenchmen. The *Gentilhomme, Louis XIII.*, is a learned *pastiche* by M. Jean Casse, and the *Fleurs et Fruits* of M. Arthur Chaplin is still more out of keeping with its surroundings in its reminiscence of van Huysum and Hondecoeter, the formal flower-piece, elaborately finished, but with no pretensions to reality.

B. S.

THE BOSTON VELASQUEZ

We have received a copy of the "Report of facts and opinions regarding the new Velasquez" at the Boston Museum issued in the bi-monthly bulletin, and we find no lack of thoroughness. It might appear that any vindication of the action of the authorities in purchasing the picture, an early portrait of Philip IV., was hardly necessary, since we find amongst those who uphold its genuineness such experts as Mr. Claude Phillips, Don Pedro de Madrazo, the late Charles Curtis, Mr. Bernhard Berenson, Mr. Francis Lathrop, and Mr. Mason Perkins. On the other side the only name that bears a considerable weight is that of Don Aureliano de Beruete, and his opinion, we believe, tends to excessive severity, so that, like some English critics of English masters, he will not allow a dull or poor work to be ascribed to the hand of the master. American connoisseurs, and especially Bostonians, exhibit a droll sensitiveness about questions of the authenticity of works acquired by them; but since the matter had been called in question it is well that the vindication should be as complete as it is in this pamphlet. Yet it strikes one as rather singular that no mention is made of the very similar picture, ascribed to Velasquez, in the collection of Mrs. Gardner of Boston. It was well known here, having been exhibited at the Old Masters when it was in the collection of Mr. Ralph Banks of Kingston Lacy, and has been ascribed by Professor Carl Justi (whose opinion, by the way, is not quoted among that of other experts on the

Museum picture) to the hand of Velasquez himself. It is not identical with the Prado portrait, as there are slight differences in the position and drawing of the hat. In any discussion concerning the early portraits of Philip IV. this picture would naturally come into question, especially as it is in a private collection in the same city, and the omission to mention it shows a modesty not usually credited to citizens of Boston.

B. S.

ART SALES

OWING to the Whitsuntide vacation, Art Sales have been few and unimportant. In the sale last week at Messrs. Sotheby's of the collection of Greek and Roman coins formed by Mr. P. Harlan Smith, of New York, some fair prices were realised: Catana, tetradrachm by Euainetos, head of Apollo to left, £170 (Spink); Syracuse, silver medallion by Euainetos, head of Persephone to left, £91 (same); Acanthus, tetradrachm, lion attacking bull, £61 (same); Locris, Locri Opuntii, stater, head of Persephone to left, and two hemidrachms, £65 10s. (Rollin).

On Wednesday Messrs. Christie sold a collection of old English silver plate, formerly the property of Colonel S. P. Groves. A Queen Anne two-handled cup, embossed with a corded band, by John Cory, realised £68 (Webster); a William III. two-handed porringer, embossed with a corded band and spiral fluting, by A. Roode, £64 (Heigham); and a pair of plain double sauce-boats, by John Smith, £62 (S. J. Phillips).

On the same day Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley sold a fine first state etching of Whistler's "The Lime Burner," with a pencilled inscription "For Mother, from J. Whistler," for 50 gs.; and a good impression, first state, of "The Kitchen" for 30 gs.

THE DRAMA

"NOTRE JEUNESSE" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

Notre Jeunesse was the pick of the season's French performances. No doubt it was better as rendered by the original cast at the Théâtre Français; but M. Coquelin's production was quite good enough to show any intelligent spectator in what respects they order theatrical matters better in France than we do in England. Alike in the play and in the playing there was more of the art that conceals art than we are accustomed to. M. Coquelin *ainé*, well entitled though he is to consider himself a Star, never magnifies himself into a Moon. His part being important, he seems satisfied that it should be small. He does not tamper with the author's text, requiring that long soliloquies should be allotted to him, or that he should always be in the centre of the stage at the fall of the curtain. He does not try in any way to make the "part" greater than the whole. Similarly with the ladies, and notably with Mesdames Moréno and Sylvie. They all dress appropriately, but none of them over-dress, or wear their dresses self-consciously, or strike attitudes after the manner of Mrs. Brown Potter, or enter to slow music, or do anything in the limelight alone. They make their points without over-emphasising them; they neither stare at, nor make their speeches at, the audience. For the whole company, in fact, the play is the thing. To the total effect all the incidental effects are subordinated. Restraint and the sense of proportion prevail; and there is no trace of amateurishness in the performance of even the least of the players—of him, to wit, who has nothing to do but wear a gorgeous livery, open the door, and announce the guests.

Of the play itself the best thing we can say is that it gives us the very thing we ought to be wanting when we clamour for the literary drama. What we do mean when we speak of the literary drama is, as a rule, something out of date by an Elizabethan, or something in blank verse by Mr. Stephen Phillips, or something audacious, arousing our intellectual combativeness and making us "sit up," by Mr. Bernard Shaw. But it is

just as proper to be literary in prose as in verse, and quite possible to be literary, without propounding the paradoxes of a doctrinaire, by taking one of those embarrassing situations which the real life of our own period produces from time to time, and showing, candidly and unconventionally, how the problem which it presents will be regarded by persons of different temperaments, trainings, and dispositions. That is what M. Capus has done in *Notre jeunesse*. Lucien Briant, with his wife and his father, is staying at Trouville, where his friend Chartrain has a villa. A girl—Lucienne—arrives there. She is Lucien Briant's illegitimate daughter, whom he has not seen since she was a baby. Her mother is dead, and she has been advised to ask Chartrain if he can help her to obtain a situation as travelling companion to a lady. He is quite willing, and most anxious to get the girl out of the way, without telling her father that she is in the house. His sister, however, insists upon telling. Everybody comes to know, and so we get our problem stated. It is a problem for which each actor in the drama has his own solution. Briant *père* wishes to act in accordance with the severest traditions of respectability—respectability and morality being for him one and the same thing. Briant *fils* is torn by conflicting emotions. He has been accustomed to regard his father's word as law; he is very much afraid of public opinion. He would like to recognise his own child, and yet he dare not do so. Madame Briant is the uncertain factor. She is a woman of fashion, bored by the dulness of provincial life, inclined to frivolity, yet in her heart longing for that serious interest in life which a child—she has none of her own—would give her; and, therefore, if her husband will not adopt this girl, she will. That is how we get the great curtain of the third act. Briant is making excuses. He appeals to public opinion, and when that appeal is brushed aside, he takes refuge in scepticism. How is he to know? Perhaps the girl is not really his child after all. Perhaps—To which comes Madame Briant's answer: "Je ne sais pas si elle est ta fille ou non. En tout cas elle est la mienne."

That is the story. Is it convincing? Is it believable that a woman in Madame Briant's position would have acted as she is made to act? Perhaps not. A good many of us, at any rate, would think that it was not, if we examined the question in the abstract and in cold blood. In the play, however, it is examined not in the abstract but in the concrete. M. Capus has so constructed and contrived that his concrete case is absolutely credible, or at least seems so when the scene is passing before our eyes. He has, that is to say, created a character who does the thing without appearing, at the moment, to outrage any of the probabilities, and he has imagined a daughter so modest, so virginal, so charming, that the audience is left with the feeling that the woman will never have reason to regret what she has done. That is to say that he has, for theatrical purposes, proved his case, and has written a great play—the greater because, while skirting the boundaries of melodrama, he has never for an instant allowed himself to be melodramatic for the sake of theatrical effect.

The exponents of his piece, as we have already said, were admirable. The only actor who did not quite fit his part was M. Jean Coquelin as Briant *fils*. An excellent comedian, he seems too fat and funny for this particular rôle. But then he is one of the family, and a place had to be found for him! M. Coquelin *ainé*, as the old man, was beyond all praise, though perhaps not quite so crusty in his sententiousness as the author meant. His brother, as Chartrain, played his part to perfection; and one can say as much of all the others, reserving a special commendation for Mademoiselle Sylvie, whose charm and restraint contributed as much as anything else to make the drama ring true in spite of its difficult theme.

SCIENCE

EMOTION AND TRUTH

ACCORDING to the usual classification, our modes of consciousness may be either sensations, perceptions, conceptions or emotions. The concern of what Baumgarten called æsthetics is with the last of these. Now all facts are part of Truth, including such facts as that a picture or a song affects one in a certain way—excites a certain state of emotion. But the great concept of Truth is of an order of facts which is independent of the percipient, or is, as we say, objectively true. Like all concepts, this is intellectual, not emotional.

An emotion is a subjective and personal thing. It is your emotion or mine or some one else's; it necessarily implies a personal subject or possessor. The content of an emotion is true in the sense that all facts are true; and the subject of this emotion may exercise his distinctively human power of self-consciousness, and, by turning his attention upon himself, may introspectively recognise the fact of the occurrence of his emotion as an objective truth. But it behoves him carefully to distinguish. For instance, I may have the emotion of hate aroused in me by a certain man. It is a fact—and therefore part of truth—that I have that emotion; but on the other hand, you love that man, and this emotion, which contradicts mine, is as true for you as mine is for me; whilst an impartial third may record your hate and my love as facts both objectively true. Now, if the Cosmos be a Cosmos, no fact in it contradicts any other. Nevertheless, I shall be heard positively asserting that this man is hateful; and you, as positively, and with equal "reason," that he is lovable. Plainly we are both right, in that we speak of a fact we know, and none can know so well; but we are both wrong in that we imagine our knowledge to be a fact of the man in question, whereas it is not a fact about him at all, but about ourselves. I am apparently right in asserting him to be hateful, you in asserting him to be lovable; but plainly he cannot be both. In truth, he is hateful *to me*, and lovable *to you*: in other words, the content of my emotion is a fact about me, and the content of yours is a fact about you. Were we discussing our friend or enemy in a smoking-room, we should agree that, in short, I hate him, and you love him. Whilst our emotions are precious beyond price we must guard against imagining that their contents tell us anything about their objects. The fact that I hate the man is by no means necessarily damaging to him (I may be one of those described by Milton, "by whom to be dispraised were no small praise"), but may be most damaging to me; whilst the fact that you love him is by no means necessarily laudatory of him, but may be the worst thing that could be said about you.

This, like so many of the important things, is all quite obvious, and, even though we have never met it formally stated on paper in the "jargon of psychology," we may safely say that we always knew it. But we have a way of hiding this our light under a bushel. We do not always talk as if we were aware that our emotions are facts of ourselves and not of their objects. Perhaps I hear a song by Schubert, or Stephen Adams, and say "That is a good song." Now I might conceivably be entitled to say so. I might have made so profound a study of æsthetics in general and of the æsthetics of song-writing in particular, and I might have so much power of exposition as to be able to "prove" that it is a good song. But, in point of fact, I certainly cannot, having, to begin with, very vague notions as to the validity of the criteria in any such attempted "proof." Not having these qualifications, I am entirely unwarranted in making any assertion about the merit of the song; and am warranted merely in saying: "That song excites pleasurable emotion in me," or, in the vernacular, "I like that song." This manner of speech may sound very egoistical, as compared with: "That is a good

song," but it really is by far the more modest of the two. For if some one should ask why I call the song good, I should be forced to reply that I say so because I like it: whereupon it will appear that my assertion as to the goodness of the song contained a further (implicit) assertion as to the goodness of my taste in songs. I like it: *ergo*, it is good! Similarly, I hate you: *ergo*, you are hateful! The grossness of the error is obvious, but we all commit it, imagining assertions about ourselves to be assertions about something or some one else. In this matter the philosophic discrimination is with the author of the lines on Dr. Fell. He clearly understood that he was making an assertion not about the doctor but about himself.

The application of all this to the art criticism one daily reads is evident enough. In so far as a work of art is open to the judgment of the intellect—as the remote derivation of the word art shows it must always be—the critic may be justified in pronouncing it to be good or bad; that is, objectively good or bad. No matter who the critic, he must have some measure of competence in this respect. But the structure or form of any work of art, being ultimately reducible by a perfect intellect to a series of mathematical expressions, is not the vital, the truly artistic thing; else the bowels of a motor-car are a work of art. The vital thing is precisely that upon which no critic, in the present state of our knowledge, can express an opinion. He *can* express, however, what is much more than an opinion; he can tell us how the thing affected him, and that is not a matter of opinion, but of the most certain knowledge accessible to the human mind. That way lies safety: for the "feeling-tone of sensation" is affected by many things—the weather, the digestion, repetition, more repetition, and so forth. Hence the critic who said: "that is a good opera" on one occasion may wish he had not said so on the next, when he finds it deadly dull. If, however, he be a psychologist, as every good critic is, he will merely have said on the first occasion: "I like it;" and on the next he is free to say: "This time I do not like it." Whereat the groundlings, but not the judicious, will grieve.

When we realise the precise importance of the emotional nature of the "æsthete" (there is no other generic word), we are able to understand, without the usual amazement, the diversity of opinion. Wordsworth saw nothing in Keats; Wagner and Brahms thought each other's music worthless: but, on our theory, they were very foolish to say so, for what they thought to be assertions about each other's music were really assertions about themselves. And the curious thing is that we, who could not have written a bar of either's music, can respond to the emotional appeal of both.

One more point. We "dry-light-of-reason" students maintain that men can always express their knowledge in words. This the amateur of art is apt to deny: he hears the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata, or sees a Rembrandt, and says: "I know that is good, but I cannot tell you why." To which I answer, he knows nothing of the sort. What he knows is that the music or the picture deeply affects him. It is knowledge of his own emotions, and that is why he cannot give a reason for it. I do not believe that there is any rational knowledge which cannot be expressed in words. No student of psychology believes it. Thoughts too deep for speech are not thoughts at all, but emotions. Far be it from me to decry them; life would not be worth living without them, and indeed would not be life without them. The insane patient who experiences no emotions is alive only in the biological sense; but that is no reason why we should misuse language, and confound emotional with rational states of consciousness.

The reader will perceive that this question is of supreme philosophic importance: for the implication is more than merely that art-criticism is necessarily subjective. If emotional states have no validity as criteria of any facts of the not-self; if your "knowledge which words are too coarse to convey" is not knowledge but emotion, we must utilise these conclusions in attempting to

learn from the mystics and the poets. If these things are so, Wordsworth's sublime ode is no more, philosophically, than a noble expression of what Clifford called "cosmic emotion" felt by a superlatively privileged boy; but if the contents of an emotion are to be accepted as having objective truth, then we must accept the pre-existence of the soul as proved, since an honest witness has been found who all but remembered "that imperial palace whence he came."

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

SCHUBERT

"Do not leave me in this dark corner under the earth," said the dying Schubert to his brother, "do I not deserve a place above ground?" It would seem as if in this speech, prompted by the delirium of his last moments, one who was ever the meekest, shyest, most unassuming of geniuses made a final appeal for recognition from the world. We are therefore the more grateful for the recent addition to the lives of the "Master-Musicians"—"Schubert" by Edmonstone Duncan (Dent, 3s. 6d. net)—which is under consideration here.

It is a charming volume, containing portraits and a list of works: and in these days when much purely lyrical music is relegated to a "dark corner under the earth," the sympathetic pages of his latest biographer will help to confirm Schubert in the "place above ground" for which he sighed; a place, that is, with the Immortals. Schubert was ever beloved by his brothers in Art. Schumann writes of his music that "it carries with it the germs of everlasting youth." "Truly in Schubert there is the divine spark!" cries Beethoven, whose last days were soothed and brightened by the study of the younger composer's songs. To quote Mr. Duncan:

"More than one visit was paid by Schubert to the bedside of the dying master. The first seems to have been in the company of Anselm Hüttenbrenner. They were announced by Schindler (a mutual friend) who asked which was first to be admitted. 'Schubert may come first,' was Beethoven's reply. And afterwards when they were together he added: 'You, Anselm, have my mind, but Franz has my soul.' . . . At the funeral on March 29 Schubert acted as one of the thirty-eight torch-bearers who preceded the coffin. They were dressed in full mourning with white roses and bunches of lilies fastened to the crêpe on their arms." . . .

Returning with his friends from the ceremony, Schubert

"entered the Mehlgrube tavern and called for wine. There he drank to the memory of the great man whom they had just seen laid in his resting-place. A second glass was then drunk to the first of the assembled friends who should follow. Alas! it was Schubert himself."

He died at the early age of thirty-one, leaving behind him an incredible quantity of beautiful compositions. A list of these as published in Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel's "new, critical and complete edition" is given at the end of Mr. Duncan's book. He truly says:

"So rich is the legacy of beautiful work that one may be excused hesitation in pointing to the masterpieces where these are so plentiful. Turn where we may—to symphony or sonata, to opera or oratorio, or to the chamber-music with its marvellous array of songs—at each step we are greeted by some lovely treasure. . . . It is Schubert's proud boast—a posthumous one, it is true, for pride held no place in his life—that he has enriched every department of music with a masterpiece."

"We shall probably find," says Kreissle, "that in none of the great musicians was the creative faculty awakened so early, or made its way with such irresistible power as in Franz Schubert." According to his brother Ferdinand, little Franz's first composition was a fantasia for four hands, written in 1810 when he was about thirteen, but Kreissle states that he had before this composed songs, piano-pieces and string-quartets.

We have some delightful glimpses of his childhood, notably a letter written to his brother Ferdinand in 1812,

from the establishment known as the Convict School, attached to the Emperor's choir:

"I've been thinking a good long time about my position," says Franz, "and find that it's all very well on the whole, but that in some respects it can be improved. You know from experience that one can often enjoy eating a roll ('Semmel') and an apple or two all the more after eight and a half hours' fast, with only a meagre supper to look forward to. This desire has become so pressing that willy-nilly I must make a change. The two *groschen* that Father gave me are gone in the first few days. If, then, I rely upon you, I hope I may do so without being ashamed (see Matt. xi. 4). So also thought I. How would it be if you were to advance me a couple of *kreuzers* monthly? You would never miss them whilst I could shut myself up in my cell, and be quite happy. As I said, I rely on the words of the Apostle Matthew, who says: 'Let him that hath two coats give one to the poor.' Meanwhile I trust you will listen to the voice which unceasingly appeals to you to remember your loving, hoping, poverty-stricken—and once again I repeat, poverty-stricken—brother FRANZ."

Poor, little, hungry genius! It is some comfort to us to know that, though there is no record of the fact, Mr. Duncan thinks Brother Ferdinand cannot have refused the two *kreuzers* for "Semmel" and apples.

Meanwhile the boy's progress in composition filled his two masters at the Convict with admiration and wonder. On Sundays and holidays he used to take part in quartets, sometimes composed by himself—"taken scarcely dry from his desk," says Kreissle. We are shown pictures of home-life, with Schubert's father "seated at his 'cello—earnest enough but none too accurate—with brother Ferdinand as leader, and Ignaz (another brother) taking second violin, while Franz (in his spectacles) cleverly handles his viola, keeping a sharp eye on his father, whose slips, if recurring, would be gently pointed out with 'Herr Vater, there must be a mistake somewhere.'"

Schubert frequently slept in his spectacles, that there might not be an instant's delay in beginning work when he opened his eyes. He woke early, wrote in bed or half-dressed as fancy took him; when one piece of work was finished, he started another forthwith. Never was such facility in composition. The song "Hark, hark, the lark" was written in a Währing beer-garden.

"One Sunday in July," we are told, "Schubert, Doppler and others were returning to Vienna from Pötzleindorf, and strolling through the village of Währing, they espied there a friend, Fieze, seated at one of the tables of the 'Zinn Biersack.' They agreed to call a halt, and Schubert sat down beside Fieze and began to turn over the leaves of his book which was lying open on the table. Suddenly he stopped, and pointing to some verses exclaimed: 'Such a lovely melody has come into my head; if I had but a sheet of music-paper with me!'"

The resourceful Doppler drew some lines on the back of a bill of fare, and then and there in the midst of all the attendant noise of fiddlers and skittle-players, of waiters running about in different directions with orders, in the full hubbub of a holiday crowd Schubert wrote that lovely song—"truly a wonderful sweet air, with marvellous rich words to it." "Beer-gardens deserve better of mankind in consequence," says Mr. Duncan.

Music with Franz Schubert was indeed a "fountain of sweet water" springing in the midst of seas of struggle. Poverty rode him through his short life.

"As a boy he had scarce food enough; he was short of music-paper to write upon; for years he had no rooms of his own; he was unable to take proper holidays owing to lack of means; and last thing of all there was not sufficient estate to pay for his funeral. Being unable to wait, he was obliged to accept any offer from music-publishers; and his transactions, in which his modesty was usually taken full advantage of by the grasping publishers, are with few exceptions hopelessly foolish."

It is said that the young Countess Caroline Esterhazy inspired the one other passion which in company with music swayed his heart. But he was too modest a man to lift his hopes so high. "A Beethoven," we read, "might have overcome all obstacles, but Franz's was a nature to submit to the inevitable." Kreissle relates that Caroline one day inquired half reproachfully why Franz had dedicated none of his music to her. "Why should I," he replied, "when everything I ever did is dedicated to you?" Pride indeed held no place in Schubert's life,

and in every page of whose book the sweetness, generosity and integrity of the musician's soul stand out as gloriously as his genius. In person he was an ugly little man, pale and short; his friends gave him "the atrociously vulgar nick-name of Schwammerl." "Kanevas," was another sobriquet, earned by his asking of every new acquaintance mentioned by his friends "Kann er was?"—"Can he do anything?" He had his moments of merriment, in spite of care, and at such times used to delight in singing his own ballad "The Erl-King" through a toothcomb to the uproarious laughter of his friends.

Schubert died in 1828, and was laid to rest near Beethoven. On the memorial stone the original epitaph ran thus:

"Music has here entombed a rich treasure
But still fairer hopes
Franz Schubert lies here.
Born Jan. 31, 1797.
Died Nov. 19, 1828.
Aged 31 years."

"Schubert," says Dr. Hugo Riemann, "was the real creator of the modern 'Lied.' His importance in the history of music is analogous to that of Goethe as lyricist in the history of poetry." In Liszt's opinion he was "le musicien le plus poète qui fut jamais." For this reason perhaps Beethoven's appreciation of his friend is also ours. Others may have our *mind* in these days of intellectual progress, but Franz Schubert has something greater still—*Franz has our soul*.

E

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE FLUTE OF PAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is not my custom to reply to anonymous abuse unless it contains some misrepresentation of facts. The verdict given after the special performance of *The Flute of Pan* was eminently favourable, and thousands of letters were received—from educated writers—in protest against the curious treatment it received on its first production. I have also a number of letters from the most distinguished professional critics of life, and of the modern English stage, and of modern English literature—all of whom offered me the highest possible encouragement. Your reviewer is at liberty to have his own opinion of my work, but I am not bound to regard it as infallible.

June 10.

PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.

[Our reviewer writes: "I know nothing of Mrs. Craigie's private correspondence, but wrote from a general memory of the press notices. The criticism of her book must stand or fall by its reasonableness."

We must protest against Mrs. Craigie's characterisation of the review as abusive.—Ed.]

SCIENCE AND ART

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Having been treated with such courteous consideration by you and by Dr. Saleeby, I am emboldened to add another word to the discussion.

Broadly speaking, there is but little antagonism between our views; only, as usual, they are taken from different points. On my part I am anxious to get at that narrow marrow of the question which, as an artist, I may be able to hold as something intimate and influencing, and which may be handled and probed by my confrères. Dr. Saleeby, on his part, allows the subject to widen out into the poetic vagueness of elegant but attenuated metaphysics. Spread over extensive generalisations, he naturally finds his "many important questions"; but of these, some are too far removed from the artist actually at work to be directly obligatory, and others are already part of his creed of art for art's sake (e.g., sincerity). From none of them does he dissent. The one question upon which dissent is made is the "separate" one of motive in work, because this has an immediate and direct bearing.

Dr. Saleeby is content to have bridged my gulf between art and morals by a mere rocket-line—happiness. He concludes his syllogism after premising, on authority, that happiness and morality are related, and that the true work of art, being the expression of "the artist's pleasurable emotion," will excite happiness. Well, it may do so or not. Granting that horror is excited, the syllogism fails. On art for art's sake lines a picture of drowning human creatures in an angry hopeless sea, or of the death agonies of a man in the maw and clutches of a tiger, may indeed produce some pleasurable emotion in a critical person who sees the work to be well done. Here, then, we converge. The mere fact of the picture being well done constitutes its claim to be

"true" art, the artist himself being entirely irresponsible for its possible ultimate "bearing upon the problem of existence," even admitting that such unhappy subjects may have such a bearing.

Although, as he says, we may not persuade Dr. Saleeby, I think most people might be persuaded that whether Wagner or Æschylus or Shakespeare or Watts could be proved to have cared a straw for moral questions or not, their art *per se* would have remained the same. All artists are actors. They first assume their part and then *feel* it. Shakespeare undoubtedly advanced the sinful plots of Iago as strenuously as he followed the saintly devotion of Kent. As to Wagner—were his morals above the average, particularly in the Ludwig connection?

Permit me to quote Dr. Saleeby once more. He says: "The artist for art's sake, concerned with nothing but the recording of what he has seen, or what his inward ear has heard, may yet, though he care nothing for that, influence the *moral* of thousands." Exactly! What need then to bind up art with morality or with anything else, by the frail thread of "happiness"? Let the artist work for art's sake, as the lark sings—because he must. With such singleness of purpose his art will be stronger, purer and truer than if it is disintegrated and watered down by such motives as have been claimed for the four worthies mentioned; and being purer, it will prove a greater factor in the world's economy. Dr. Saleeby himself confirms this in his last paragraph.

Art for art's sake is in itself a morality so ascetic, so exacting, so refining, that even almsgiving after a half-crown concert is by comparison sheer sentimentality.

F. C. TILNEY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I intervene in the interesting discussion in THE ACADEMY by repeating Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Ought we not to recognise that it is a juggling with words to talk as if one truth were exactly like another? Is the Law of Evolution, for instance, true in the same sense as the Law of Gravitation? or the science of theology as the science of geology? or the maxim, "Summum jus summa injuria," as the axiom, "Two parallel straight lines cannot enclose a space"? or the assertion, "Nelson is the greatest of admirals," as the assertion, "Paul of Tarsus is the noblest spirit that has graced the annals of humanity"? Let us apply this to the domain of art. Is Shakespeare's *Othello* artistically true in the same sense as Aristophanes' *Frogs*? or George Eliot's "Silas Marner" as Milton's "Comus"? or Turner's *Fighting Temeraire* as Watts' *Hope*? In like manner is there not a wide difference between moral truth and artistic truth? Do they not move on wholly different planes? And is it not a mere conjurer's trick to prove that there is a necessary connection between them? May not the moralist be no artist, like Kant, and the artist be no moralist, like Phidias? If any of your correspondents can throw some "dry light" on these questions, I shall be grateful.

INQUIRER.

"MUCKERS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a comment on Mr. James Truslow Adams' letter in your issue of May 13, I would like to say that the word "muckers" has acquired rather a special meaning among Harvard undergraduates, less offensive, I think (though the term is always discourteous enough), than its significance in New York. While a Harvard student some ten years ago I heard the word constantly applied to the children, sometimes to large boys, and perhaps girls, of the less sophisticated sort, about Cambridge—something like "townies," in fact. Probably it is in Cambridge chiefly that Professor Münsterberg has heard of "muckers."

Lancaster, Mass. U.S.A.

June 3, 1905.

J. C. L. CLARK.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Histoire de l'Art depuis les premiers temps Chrétiens jusqu'à nos jours. Publiée sous la direction de André Michel, Conservateur aux Musées Nationaux. Tome I. *Des débuts de l'Art Chrétien à la fin de la Période Romane.* Partie I. Paris: Armand Colin, 15 fr. and 22 fr.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Barrington, Mrs. Russell. *G. F. Watts, Reminiscences.* Allen, 21s. net.
Warwick, Charles F. *Mirabeau and the French Revolution.* Lippincott, 10s. 6d. net.
Johnstone, Arthur. *Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific.* Chatto & Windus, 6s. (See p. 629.)
Green, Rev. Richard. *John Wesley, Evangelist.* Illustrated. The Religious Tract Society, 6s. net.

DRAMA.

The Tragedies of Algernon Charles Swinburne. In five volumes. Vol. I. *The Queen-Mother and Rosamond.* Chatto & Windus, 30s. the set of five.
Waight, James F. *William the Conqueror.* An Historical Drama. Allen.
Nights at the Opera. VII., *Bizet's Carmen.* VIII., *Gounod's Faust.* IX., *Mozart's Don Giovanni.* By Francis Burgess. The De la More Press, 1s. net each.

ECONOMICS.

Hallett, T. G. P. *Free Trade versus Protection*. Some Considerations on the Case. Cassell, 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

Buletinul Oficial al Ministerului Cultelor și Instrucțiunii Publice. Nos. 225-241. Bucharest: Carol Göbl.

FICTION.

Bennett, Arnold. *The Lost of Cities; being the Adventures of a Millionaire in Search of Joy (A Fantasia)*. Alston Rivers, 1s. net.
 Farrar, Mrs. F. A. *Ruth Fielding. A Double Love Story*. Elliot Stock, 6s.
 Baring, Max. *A Doctor in Corduroy*. Greening, 6s.
 Gull, C. Ranger. *The Cigarette Smoker, being the terrible case of Uther Kennedy*. Greening, Popular edition, 6d.
 Valentine, Edward Uffington. *Hecla Sandwith*. Harper, 6s.
 Carmichael, Alexander. *Deirdre and the Lay of the Children of Uisce*. Orally collected in the Island of Barra, and literally translated by Alexander Carmichael. Edinburgh: Macleod; London: Nutt; Dublin: Gill, 3s. 6d. net.
 Deane, Mary. *The Little Neighbour*. Murray, 6s.
 Coke, Desmond F. T. *The Dog from Clarkson's. A Vagary*. Jarrold, 3s. 6d.
 Hornung, E. W. *The Rogue's March. A Romance*. Cassell, Cheap edition, 6d.
 Cruppi, Louise. *Avant L'Heure; Roman*. Paris: Ollendorf, 3fr. 50 c.

HISTORY.

Wood, William. *The Fight for Canada: A Sketch from the History of the Great Imperial War*. Definitive edition. Constable, 21s. net.
 Ferry, Edmond. *La France en Afrique*. Paris: Armand Colin, 3 fr. 50.
Recueil des Traités et Conventions conclus par la Russie avec les puissances Etrangères. Publié d'Ordre du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, par F. de Martens. Tome XIV. *Traités avec la France, 1807-1820*. St. Petersburg: A Böhnke.
 Gasquet, Abbot, D. D., O. S. B. *The Eve of the Reformation*. Studies in the Religious Life and Thought of the English People in the Period preceding the Rejection of the Roman Jurisdiction by Henry VIII. Bell, cheaper re-issue, 6s. net.
 Kaye, Percy Lewis, Ph. D. *English Colonial Administration under Lord Clarendon, 1660-1667*. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Series XXIII. Nos. 5-6. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

LAW.

Dicey, A. V. *Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century*. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.
 Bonner, Robert J. *Evidence in Athenian Courts*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 75 cents net.

LITERATURE.

Hodgkin, L. V. *Holy Poverty: The Message of St. Francis for To-day*. Pear Tree Press.
 Regnaud, Paul. *Eskisse de l'Histoire de la Littérature Indo-Européenne*. Paris: Guilmoto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bannister, Rev. Arthur T., M. A. *Some of God's Englishmen: Poet, Prophet, Priest, and King*. Hereford: Jakeman & Carver.
 Stocker, R. Dimsdale. *Psychic Manuals V. Phrenometry: Auto-Culture and Brain-building by Suggestion*. Psychic Manuals VI. *Healing, Mental and Magnetic*. London: L. N. Fowler. New York: Fowler & Wells, 1s. net each.

ORIENTAL.

Bhagavad Gītā: or the Lord's Song. Translated by Lionel D. Barnett. Dent, Temple Classics, 1s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

D'Arcy-Irvine, Gerard Addington. *Poems*. Nisbet, 2s.
 Forbes, H. M. *Rosyth*. A Poem in five cantos. Edinburgh: Haig, 2s. 6d. and 1s.

POLITICAL.

Bérard, Victor. *L'Empire Russe et le Tsarisme*. Paris: Armand Colin, 4 fr.

REPRINTS.

Borrow, George. *Romano Lavo-Lil*. Word-book of the Romany or English Gypsy Language, with specimens of Gypsy Poetry, and an account of certain Gypsies or places inhabited by them, and of various things relating to Gypsy Life in England. Murray, 6s.
 Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, D. D. *Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History*. Cheap edition, with Maps and Plans. Murray, 5s. net.
 Eliot, George. *Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe*. With Introduction by Richard Garnett. The De la More Press: King's Novels, 2s. 6d. net.
 Dekker, Thomas. *The Gull's Hornbook*. The De la More Press: King's Classics, 1s. net.
 The Complete Works of Count Leo N. Tolstoy, edited and translated by Leo Wiener. Vols. 14 and 15. *The Four Gospels Harmonized and Translated*. Vols. 1 and 2. Dent, 3s. 6d. net each.
The Works of Horace. The Latin Text with Conington's Translation. Bell, 5s. net.
 Arthur Young's *Travels in France during the years 1787, 1788, 1789*. Edited with Introduction, Biographical Sketch and Notes by Miss Betham-Edwards. Bell, The York Library, 2s. net.
 Kingsley, Charles. *The Water Babies: A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby*. Illustrated by May Sandheim. Routledge, 1s. 6d.
 Constant, Benjamin. *Adolphe*. With Preface by Paul Bourget. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

Varigny, Henry de. *La Nature et La Vie*. Paris: Armand Colin, 3 fr. 50 c.
 Hiller, H. Croft. *The New Science of Causation*. Easy Duologues, laying bare the hitherto hidden, and ensuring a general Collapse of the Foundations of Materialistic Science. Walter Scott, 10s. net.

THEOLOGY.

Hort, the late F. J. A. *Village Sermons*. Second series. Macmillan, 6s.
 König, Eduard. *The Bible and Babylon: their Relationship in the History of Culture*. Translated from the tenth German edition by the Rev. William

Turnbull Piltner. The Religious Tract Society. By-paths of Bible Knowledge, 2s.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. *Essays of Travel*. Chatto & Windus, 6s. (See p. 629.)
 Villari, Luigi. *Russia under the Great Shadow*. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
 Wharton, Edith. *Italian Backgrounds*. Illustrated by E. C. Peixoto. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.
 Quillardet, M. *Espagnols et Portugais chez eux*. Paris: Armand Colin, 3 fr. 50 c.
 de la Salle, Georges. *En Mandchourie*. Paris: Armand Colin, 3 fr. 50 c.
 Chevrillon, André. *Sanctuaries et paysages d'Asie*. Paris: Hachette, 3 fr. 50 c.

THE BOOKSHELF

IN both these books (*Norway*, by Nico Jungman, Text by Beatrix Jungman, Black, 20s. net.; *Nuremberg*, painted by Arthur George Bell, described by Mrs. Arthur G. Bell, Black, 7s. 6d. net), the pictures, like "the men" at Spion Kop, "are splendid." Without instituting invidious comparisons, we may draw particular attention to the portraits in the larger of the two works—that by Mr. Jungman. Among celebrities he has depicted Grieg, Nansen, Ibsen, and Björnson, whose portraits are instinct with life, and pregnant with character. Among ordinary citizens he has specialised in anonymous "brides," attired in the national costumes of their several localities; and we may sum the matter up by remarking that every one of the brides seems, so to say, worth marrying; and the only question is whether the bridegroom would care to spend the honeymoon in any of the tumble-down houses represented in the other paintings. For there is not one of Mr. Jungman's landscapes which depends for its beauty upon "a first class hotel in the foreground"; and the general impression left by most of them is that either it has just been raining, or it is just about to rain. We believe that it generally does rain in Norway—except in winter, when it snows—so that any one who feels aggrieved at this must blame not the artist but the climate. Perhaps, however, our business in this column is less with the pictures than with the letterpress. But here a difficulty arises. What sort of letterpress are we entitled to expect in such gorgeous works as these? Should the author be the artist's rival for public favour, or should he take up a position frankly and humbly subordinate? There is something to be said for the latter view, which the authors of the letterpress of both volumes appear to have adopted. Neither of them has written anything that will seriously compete with the pictures, though their methods are quite different. Mrs. Bell is instructive, but inclines to dulness. What she has written about Nuremberg may gratify curiosity but will not stimulate it. In scattering information she has what the cooks call "a heavy hand." Mrs. Jungman is as light as Mrs. Bell is heavy. Those who take objection to what she has written will object that it is trivial. She does not philosophise or lecture, but relates the commonplace incidents of an uneventful journey, telling us whether her bed was comfortable, and whether she enjoyed her dinner. When she does convey information, she just pours it out without any attempt at orderly arrangement. The statement, for instance, that "German books form a large part of the stock-in-trade of the Norwegian bookseller" jostles the statement that "public baths are to be found all over Norway." She is always readable, however—partly, no doubt, because she is so absolutely unpretentious; and the book is a welcome addition to an interesting and valuable series.

The "Times" History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1900. Vol. III. Edited by L. S. Amery. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 21s. net.)—The need for accuracy in the details of the military operations has been responsible for a long delay in the publication of the third volume of the *Times* history—a volume in which the greatest accuracy was necessary, for it covers some of the most interesting actions in the whole war, and includes criticisms, based upon recorded fact, for which, as examples of outspoken frankness, it would be difficult to find a parallel. Mr. Amery has not treated the military operations as isolated phenomena, as is the custom of some writers, but, in order to bring these operations into true perspective, precludes this volume with a few chapters intended to make clear the political and moral significance of the struggle. Politics and military history, indeed, are inseparable, for the military system of a country is but the outcome of its politics. This volume includes French's operations round Colesberg, the siege of Ladysmith—with Buller's operations, including Spion Kop and Vaal Krantz, Lord Robert's advance, Paardeberg, Poplar Grove and Driefontein. The numerous reverses that occurred naturally offer an opportunity for investigating the defects of our military system, and, if the criticism of individual men may at times suggest editorial methods of barbarism, it must be remembered that "the path of safety" is not to be found by blandishments and idle flattery. It required an editor of great strength of mind to see the proofs of this volume through the press. There are objections, no doubt, to this method of history. We may grant *ex hypothesi* that "Spion Kop was lost not by Buller, or Warren, or Thorneycroft, but by Aldershot and Pall Mall, by the House of Commons and by the nation," but what then? Finding fault with the Army is as popular a pastime as abusing the "smart set," and the public gibbeting of generals, some of whom are still on the active list, cannot be very encouraging to the others. It is nearly a century and a half since Byng was shot on his quarter

deck, and while Mr. Amery tells us that "Buller was but the embodiment of the qualities and defects which the British military system tended to produce," we read in the daily papers of a great shortage of officers. Now that this volume is published there must be many officers complaining that a great book is a great evil; but the magnitude of the lesson enforced by it with so much literary skill certainly justifies the editorial severity. Mr. Lionel James contributes a very clear account of French's operations in front of Colesberg, and two most interesting chapters on Ladysmith. Mr. Bron Herbert's share is the story of the Natal operations, described in the preface as "perhaps the most difficult and contentious portion of the whole book:" the description does not exaggerate as the reader may gather from a short quotation. "Spion Kop," says Mr. Herbert, "might have been held against all comers by 500 men, but not by five hundred ordinary British soldiers, nor by 5000. Nevertheless, in face of an enemy so weak in numbers, so undisciplined and so unorganised as the Boers, the tactical deficiencies of the British soldier need have proved no bar to victory in the hands of leaders capable of making the best of his many good qualities, and of compensating for his defects by bold strategy and skilful tactical handling." That is a lesson which Hamley tried many years ago to teach when he wrote his great work to show that "a leader, in order to achieve the most notable successes, need not be gifted with inspiration, but only with the more appreciable, though still rare, combination of sound sense, clear insight, and resolution." The excellent illustrations and the clear maps, based in some instances on special surveys, provide a feature in this volume to which no caviller can take objection, be he politician, soldier or hero-worshipper.

The Religion of a Gentleman. By Charles F. Dole. (H. R. Allenson, 3s. 6d.)—This book is an attempt to provide an ethical religion for the benefit of young Americans who are not satisfied with the Christianity of the churches. It succeeds in propounding a high ideal of life which is convincing and desirable; it fails in giving us any help towards the attainment of the higher life. The writer has all the optimism of the transcendentalists; he accepts the universe. His secret is "to carry the thought of a good God and a divine universe" into the turmoil of life. But he has nothing new to tell us of the way in which the thought may be reconciled with the apparently adverse facts of experience. We are hardly satisfied with the theory that evil is mere imperfection, or a lesser good. The book is frankly concerned with the life that now is; "we want a religion for men, not for 'spirits,'" though spirit, later on, is used apparently as a synonym for the unseen forces of nature. From this point of view the chapter headed "Memento Mori" is disappointing, since it ignores the real sting of death, which is the cutting short of work and thought on this side the grave, and regards it merely as one form of the universal element of sorrow. The chapter on "The Great Renunciation" is perhaps the best. Mr. Dole's heroes are many. "The peasant prophet of Galilee" is favoured with a high place in the ranks of those who have exhibited in life the religion of a gentleman, and the name of Elizabeth Frye (*sic*) occurs more than once in the same galaxy.

Mr. Frederic Jessel has compiled a Bibliography of works in English on *Playing Cards and Gaming*, which has been published by Messrs. Longman (12s. 6d.). Gaming in this sense includes dominoes, conjuring, card-tricks and so forth. Mr. Jessel has described the title of every work he has found, however slight, on cards or gaming; and he has included all books which contain allusions of sufficient importance to be recorded, even works of fiction which depend on gaming for their plots or contain scenes which illustrate the mode of playing some particular game. Periodicals have not been forgotten, though Mr. Jessel has found it impossible to include newspapers. The bibliography is in alphabetical order of the names of authors, but the index at the end enables subjects to be searched for without difficulty.

At a time when the question of the admission of alien Jews into England has entered into the sphere of practical politics, a book such as *The Return of the Jews to England*, by H. S. O. Henriques (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net), which gives a succinct account of the legal position of the English Jew from before the Conquest down to the Places of Religious Public Worship Act of 1855 possesses an especial interest. It is instructive to note that even so far back as the reign of Edward the Confessor there were Jews in England who lived "under the liege protection and guardianship of the King," to whom both themselves and their chattels belonged. Increasing largely in numbers after the Conquest, they still continued to enjoy the protection of the monarch, for whom they constituted an important source of revenue. Their resources, however, were greatly crippled by the statute *de Judaismo*, passed in 1275, which forbade them to exact usury; and in 1290 they were expelled, not to return until the seventeenth century, when their legal position was of peculiar interest. *Quid* members of the Jewish race there was nothing to prevent them dwelling in England, the edict of expulsion applying only to the actual Jews who left England in the thirteenth century; but *quid* non-protestants they would necessarily come under the scope of the Law of Uniformity passed in Elizabeth's reign, which made churchgoing compulsory under pain of heavy fines. It is, however, with the question of the Resettlement that we come to the most interesting part of the book. For reasons which we find on the whole to be sufficient, Mr. Henriques opposes Mr. Lucien Wolf's theory, which holds that the Jews were readmitted in 1658 by a Tolerance of the Lord Protector, obtained by the efforts of Manasseh ben Israel. Nothing more was done by Cromwell than to connive

unofficially at the residence in London of some half-dozen Jewish families. But the leaders of the community had transferred their attention from Cromwell to Charles II., and in return for a loan advanced in 1656 obtained a promise of assistance, which was subsequently fulfilled. No Acts of Parliament were passed in behalf of the Jews, but a series of royal dispensations, culminating eventually in an Order of Council issued on November 13, 1685, in the reign of James II., effectually prevented their enemies from setting in motion against them the existing legal machinery. It was not until 1846 that the Jews acquired a permanent and definite legal status by the Act to relieve Her Majesty's Subjects from certain Penalties and Disabilities in regard to Religious Opinions. Mr. Henriques writes clearly and temperately, and is to be congratulated on having contributed a most instructive chapter to the history of English law.

Carthusian Memories, by William Haig Brown, LL.D. (Longmans, 5s.)—Between supper-time (did we call it supper or tea?) and bedtime, all the eleven houses of Charterhouse school Godalming sit solemnly in "banco;" a strenuous time of preparation for next day's "school." In "Saundersites" (the Doctor's house) Dr. Haig Brown himself, gravely presiding, sometimes wiled away a "banco" hour, it seems, in surreptitiously scribbling verses. So we learn from Miss Haig Brown's introductory allusion. What joy to have discovered one's headmaster penning some spirited school club song beneath his blotting-pad, or struggling, while describing a football match, with the technical subtleties of "footer" phraseology, or, in lighter mood, turning the adventures of the hapless young lady of Riga into Latin! "Non recito quidquam nisi amicis, idque coactus" is the motto that precedes this little collection of manuscripts found among papers connected with the more serious labours of a busy life. The earliest of them is dated 1855, the last and not the least, 1904. They are only published now under persuasion, but we feel sure that Miss Haig Brown's confidence in their cordial reception among Carthusians is thoroughly justified, were it only for the charm of their associative appeal. There is in all these sets of verses, whether they be occasional pieces, school songs and hymns, or "prologues" or "inscriptions," a warmth of heart and an affection (which, indeed, no one ever doubted) for the school over which he reigned for thirty-four years, together with a quiet sense of fun which may possibly have escaped the duller spirits among the school generations in their teens. Perhaps the following, "On the new Column for the Sun-dial" is as terse, historic, neat, humorous and, despite the little blemish of the final rhyme, generally pleasing as anything in the book. The old column, it should be explained, had been "embraced" by a child of three with results that considerably surprised him. And so—

"The column, which supports this dial-plate,
Replaced a pillar of an earlier date—
That fell: an infant giant clasped it round
And toppled it in fragments to the ground,
The babe, who Samson's deed would emulate,
By lucky leap avoided Samson's fate
And fled away unscathed, but sore dismayed
At the vast ruin which his hands had made."

The scholar peeps out from many an experiment with translation from and into Latin, Greek, French and German, and Dr. Haig Brown handles his English rhythms with the skill to be expected from one familiar with many metres. A rendering of Victor Hugo's stanzas "A Une Jeune Fille" deals with a theme well suited to one whose tenderness towards children touches with peculiar grace many of the little pieces addressed to his younger acquaintance. Of the songs written for the four rival school clubs ("Nomads," "Swallows," "Cygnet" and "Harpies"), all are equally spirited and ingenious. In acknowledging this we pay a tribute to the author's breadth of view. For was he not always, as behoved him, a keen "Swallow" partisan?

The Italian Poets since Dante, by William Everett (Duckworth, 5s. net), might have been an excellent work of its kind if the author had not wilfully spoilt it. The purpose of the book is to point out to English readers that Italy possesses other men besides Dante who are worthy of study, and to introduce us, by means of short critical and biographical notices accompanied by verse translations, to the chief poets from Petrarch to Leopardi. Mr. Everett is an enthusiastic lover of Italian poetry, and though by no means a translator like Rossetti or a student like Symonds, he was still qualified to produce a companion volume to Howells' *Modern Italian Poets*. His attitude towards his subjects is sympathetic, his appreciation is sincere, his criticisms are just and moderate. In places, and especially in the last third of the book, he shows himself to be capable of writing quite good English. It is therefore all the more regrettable that he should have allowed his work to stand disfigured by so many slipshod, loosely constructed and even absolutely ungrammatical sentences. It is also a pity that he should go out of his way, when discussing the old poets of Italy, to indulge in a good deal of uncritical and curiously spiteful abuse of Chaucer, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Wagner and Whitman. When we read, almost on the last page of the book, of "the absurdity that Pulci and Berni, Tasso and Leopardi should still be called noble when they had lost their money," we are reminded of the absurdity with which the book begins—a Latin dedication to the memory of Vergil, followed modestly by the quotation "Tu se' lo mio maestro." For both passages are characteristic of the author, of his frequent failures to distinguish between what is great and what is small.

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